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### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Time has two wings and flies away;
One wing is night, and one is day.
We scarcely note its rapid flight,
Bewildered by the radiant light
Upon its wings of golden bars,
And the illuminating stars.
—George W. Bungay in Youth's Companion.

## FITZHERBERT.

My name is John Smith—plain Smith, without change or addition of vowel—and I was in no way discontented with it until I fell in love with Katie Rogers. Katie had never sneered at it, but her elder sister, Miranda, had more than once hinted that it was neither romantic nor uncommon, and her father, in his somewhat lengthy discourse about the British aristocracy, had an aggravating way of looking apologetically at me every time he spoke of "a good name."

In our commercial community Smith was counted a better name than Rogers, and young Smith, the rising cotton broker, a more distinguished member of society than old Rogers, ex-captain of dragoons, who could scarcely pay his £30 rent and never wore a decent hat.

I quite agreed with my neighbors on these points till I fell in love with Katie and grew familiar with Miranda's sentiments about "the ignorance of Philistine Riverbank."

Capt. Rogers was descended from Fitzroger who came over with the Conqueror, and as I listened reverently to the history of the family progress through eight centuries, there was a total collapse of my once foolish pride in belonging to what a local paper called "one of the oldest families in Riverbank." For Riverbank was scarcely as old as my father, having grown into a town with a speed rarely equaled on this side of the Atlantic.

In a general way I do not undervalue myself, but it was with a deep sense of humility that I implored the descendant of Fitzroger to become my father-in-law. We were alone together in the dining room of the thirty pound house, he sitting in a shabby armchair, I standing on a still shabbier hearthrug. He looked up at the "Battle Roll of Hastings," which hung over the mantel piece, and down at the fire, kept low by economical Miranda. Then, having weighed the past glories of Fitzroger against the present price of coal, he accepted my proposal with the magnificent condescension of a king consenting, for certain state reasons, to bestow the hand of a royal princess on an aspiring subject.

So Katie and I were engaged, and for a time I was supremely happy. I was not quite vain enough to share my darling's opinion that I, John Smith, was better worth worshiping than all Carlyle's "Heroes" put together; but I was rather easily convinced that I was far too fine a fellow to fear any rival. So when Katie went on a visit to London there was no bitterness in my regret, for I believed in her—and myself.

At last I was not disturbed by Miranda's boasts about the advantages her sister was enjoying in "the best society," but when the London visit extended for weeks and months beyond its original limit I began to feel vaguely uneasy. In those days Katie's letters, though loving, were not long, and she more than once apologized for their brevity by pleading "a particular engagement," the nature of which she never explained. My confidence sank, my jealousy arose.

At last she came home, and then I noticed a change in her that seriously alarmed me. She was paler and quieter, and at times there was a wistful look in her eyes, suggestive of something on her mind. It could not be anxiety about her father's pecuniary affairs, because about that time he appeared in a new hat and Miranda kept better fires. These outward and visible signs of prosperity would have given me sincere pleasure if it had not been for the suspicion that old Rogers was more than ever disposed to take the Norman conquest tone with me, and for the certainty that Miranda's sneers at "people who could not count their grandfathers" were all for my benefit.

What did this sort of thing mean? Had Katie been tempted away from me by a lover with a longer pedigree? Would Rogers tell me some day, like the father in old fashioned romance, that he had "other views" for his daughter?

One evening I called much later than usual, having been detained by an important business matter in the neighboring city of Shipley. The outer door of the house was open, and I, in my usual way, turned the handle of the vestibule door and walked into the drawing room, which appeared to be empty. I was just going to ring the bell for the servant when I heard a pleading little voice behind me:

"Oh, I say, Jack, don't do that."

It was the voice of Bob, the youngest of Katie's many young brothers, and, turning sharply round, I saw his scared little face peeping between the curtains drawn across the bow window.

"Come here, dear old Jack," he entreated, "and stay with me till she goes past."

"What she?" I asked as I stepped behind the curtains to find Bob's hitherto invisible form clad in a nightgown.

"Miranda," he added in a tragic whisper.

Bob had blue eyes and golden hair, and in his white array he looked like an angel in a picture. But I rightly guessed that he had descended from the upper regions that night on no angelic mission.

"I thought she was safe up in the lumber room for the next half hour," he explained, "and I got out of bed and was slipping down to the kitchen for a taste of the new jam. I knew it was my only chance. She's so beastly mean about it when it's in pots. I just got to the hall when I heard her sneaking down stairs, so I ran in here. She's in the dining room now, and I don't know whether she's going up again or down to the kitchen."

"Don't be a coward, my boy," I said, feeling it my duty to be moral. "Of course Miranda will scold if she finds you, but you must bear it like a man."

"Scold!" repeated Bob, with scorn in his subdued tones. "Do you think I'd care if it was only that?"

I understood the full peril of the situation now. Miranda prided herself on doing a mother's duty to the motherless boys, and I know that whatever her hand found to do she did it with all her might.

"And it's just because I ain't a coward I don't want to meet her," went on Bob, evidently mindful of the traditions of Fitzroger valor. "You see, Jack, I could hit back if she was a man, but she ain't, you know, and, of course, no fellow who is a gentleman ever hits a woman."

"Robert," I murmured, "you are the soul of chivalry."

"Oh, shut up, Jack Smith!" and my small brother-in-law elect held me with a desperate grip. "She's coming in!"

I peered cautiously between the heavy curtains and caught a glimpse of Miranda's lank form and lynx eyes. The next moment she was vanishing, but she stopped as Katie appeared at the door.

"Kate," she said, in her thin sharp voice, "I was looking for you. I think you might help me to pot the jam. Smith may not be here to-night, and if he comes let him wait. How pale you look! I can tell you, my dear, that your appearance has not improved since you took up with Fitzherbert."

I stood with freezing blood behind the curtains, wondering what awful revelation was about to wreck my life's happiness. In a lightning flash of jealous imagination I saw Fitzherbert. No doubt he was one of the swells Katie had met in London. A military swell—one of those handsome, haughty guardsmen I had read about in society novels.

"Miranda," said Katie, "don't you think I ought to tell Jack about Fitzherbert?"

"No, I don't," said Miranda sharply. "I don't see why the interests of our family are to be risked in a collision with the narrow middle class prejudices of Mr. John Smith."

Katie's voice sounded a little weary when she spoke again:

"You know, Miranda, you were horrified yourself when I first told you about Fitzherbert's proposal."

Miranda replied in a tone of cold superiority:

"I was more open to conviction than you would find Mr. John Smith. We who have been rooted in English soil for eight centuries naturally take larger views of life than mushrooms of yesterday. Besides, your conduct in this affair is justified by the example and approval of women in the best society."

What a world of whited sepulchres! I never loved Miranda, but I had always respected her. However skeptical I might have been about her personal charms, I had never doubted her principles. Miranda taught a class in the Sunday school, worked a district on strict charity organization principles, and was decorated with the Order of the Blue Ribbon. Yet here was this seemingly virtuous Miranda applauding her younger sister's falseness to a true lover, because it was the fashion of women in the best society to trample upon honest hearts.

"I hate concealment," said Katie, "and Jack is so truthful himself that I can't bear the idea of deceiving him. Oh, Miranda, dear, I was so happy when Fitzherbert made me the offer that I never stopped to wonder what Jack would think about it, but now I am so miserable that I sometimes think I must give up Fitzherbert."

"Rubbish!" said Miranda, "and selfish rubbish, too. I wonder, Kate Rogers, how you can talk in that way, when you know how useful Fitzherbert's money is to your poor father."

Oh, this was too awful! Kate not only false to me, but actually so mean as to take money from her new lover. I could stand it no longer. I wrenched myself from poor little Bob's grasp, and stood sternly facing the two girls.

Miranda fled from the room. Kate stood white and still.

"Pray do not give up Fitzherbert on my humble account," I said, scornfully. "Do not let my vulgar prejudice in favor of truth and honesty interfere with the wider morality of the best society. Marry Fitzherbert to-morrow, if you like, and be as happy as you deserve to be."

The color rushed back into Katie's face. The light sparkled in her eyes. She actually laughed.

"Thank you very much, Jack," she said, "but even with your kind permission, I can't marry Fitzherbert. The fact is," and her blue eyes danced, "Fitzherbert is married."

"And you dare to tell me," I cried in wild rage, "that you have not only accepted love, but money from a married man."

She looked straight into my furious face with her laughing eyes.

"Fitzherbert is not a married man," she said.

"I was never good at guessing riddles," I said, loftily; "and as I am not in the mood for them to-night, I give this one up. If Fitzherbert is not a married man what, in heaven's name, is Fitzherbert?"

Clear came the answer in the sweet, gay, girlish voice:

"Fitzherbert is a married woman."

Then, with the crushing consciousness of having made a fool of myself, I listened humbly to Katie's story.

"Fitzherbert is a west end milliner, and was Aunt Clara's maid before her marriage. Her name is not really Fitzherbert, but something quite ordinary, like Brown or Smith—oh, I beg your pardon, Jack! She was always fond of me, and I amused myself looking through her new fashions. One day while I was waiting for Aunt Clara, who had gone to her dentist, a fussy old lady came into the shop, and was very angry because none of the new Paris bonnets suited her. She was one of the best customers, and poor Fitzherbert was in despair when she was leaving the shop in a rage. Well, Jack, I have quite a genius for millinery. One of our ancestors was a painter, and Aunt Clara says I have his artistic eye for color and form. Anyhow, I always seem to know exactly what suits a face. I persuaded the old lady to sit down again, and with Fitzherbert's permission I made a few alterations in one particular bonnet. The result was so becoming that the old lady was charmed. 'You are a heaven born milliner, my dear,' she said. 'Why don't you go in for that sort of thing? It is all the fashion among the best people.' Aunt Clara called for me presently, and was quite struck with the new idea. After a long talk with Fitzherbert it was decided that I should go to the shop every day and qualify for the position of millinery aide-de-camp. I became quite popular with the customers, especially the elderly ones. I love old ladies and delight in making them look lovely, and some of them threatened to leave Fitzherbert unless I undertook the arrangement of their bonnets and caps for the term of my single life. Fitzherbert offered me very liberal pay for my assistance, and I was so glad to think of helping poor old daddy that at first I forgot about you and your possible objection to marrying a young woman who worked for a shop, but I thought of this afterward, and was always fighting with my conscience about telling you the truth. But, indeed, there are many lady milliners in London, and—oh, Jack, I see you don't mind so very much, after all!"

The precise nature of my conduct on this occasion need not here be recorded.

The bridal wreath was a present from Fitzherbert.—Household Words.

### How Cables Are Made.

Atlantic cables are usually constructed of seven small copper wires wound together so as to form one conductor, and covered with a heavy coating of composition insulation, largely composed of rubber and paraffine, around which other and larger iron or steel wires are wound, protected on the surface by other and still heavier wires, although some have another coating outside the wires. The shore ends are about two and one-half inches in diameter and the mid ocean sections from an inch to an inch and a half.

Up to this date they have been made with but one conductor in each cable except a section of the Commercial company's running from Rockport, Mass., to Cape Canso, N. S. The action of the static or earth currents is so great in the bottom of the sea that it is doubtful if two conductors could be worked in a single cable, and they are too expensive to warrant taking any chances with in the way of experiments, as it is generally conceded that they will carry but little battery, what is technically known as thirty volts being the limit upon a cable circuit. This is less current than is required to feed a single arc electric light, and an ordinary arc circuit would feed all of the Atlantic cables and leave a large surplus.—New York World.

### An Alaskan Glacier.

The scenery greatly impressed Miss Field. "In Alaska," she said, "a glacier is a wonderful torrent that seems to have been suddenly frozen when about to plunge into the sea. Wonderfully picturesque is the Innis glacier, three miles wide and 300 feet high at its mouth. Think of Niagara falls frozen stiff, and thirty-six feet added to its height, and you have a slight idea of the terminus of the Innis glacier. Picture a background of mountains 15,000 feet high, all snow clad, and then imagine a gorgeous sun lighting up the snow crystals with rainbow color. The face of that glacier takes on the line of aquamarine the hue of every bit of floating ice, big and little, that surrounds the steamer and makes navigation serious. This dazzling serpent moves at the rate of 960 feet a day, tumbling headlong into the sea, and as it falls the ear is startled by submarine thunder. The berg goes down deep into the sea, and woe to the boat that is in its way when it rises."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## FLAGELLATION.

### A History of Flogging as a Punishment.

#### WHIPPING AS AN AMUSEMENT.

**Curious Ways of Applying the Lash in Europe—The Russian Knout—Whipping Generally Prevalent in the Old World. The Fearful Punishment of Mme. Lapuchine.**

O ye who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals; never mind the pain.

When Byron wrote this, seventy years ago, it is said that there was an epidemic of flogging all over the continent. In the murk of the sentimentico-mushico period which prevailed on the continent during the first part of this century the custom of flagellation had been dispensed with. But when it was revived, early in the '20s, it was revived with a vengeance, and public flogging became so common, especially in Spain and Germany, that it wouldn't draw a crowd.

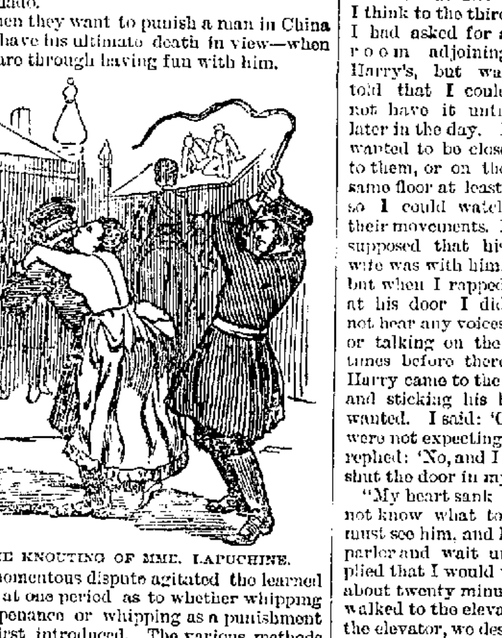
WHIPPING IN DELAWARE.

The flogging here referred to does not mean that domestic spanking administered with the hair brush or slipper. You have all doubtless come home with your hair wet and suspicious patches of mud on your jacket, and have had a drum solo played upon a certain part of your anatomy with a hair brush by a fond parent. But of course you have never been striped on the bare back in the presence of a large audience of joyful spectators. There is only one state in the United States where flogging is administered to the refractory, and that is Delaware.

FLOGGING NO NEW THING.

Flagellation is almost as ancient as the world. History cannot trace the advent of flogging. The Egyptians had the art of bastinadoing down to a fine point. The Chinese were tremendously fond of tying an offender up in an outrageous position and making rainbows on different parts of his person, and they do it to this day, although in the land of flowers the more unique and exquisite modes of torture have largely superseded the bastinado.

When they want to punish a man in China they have his ultimate death in view—when they are through having fun with him.



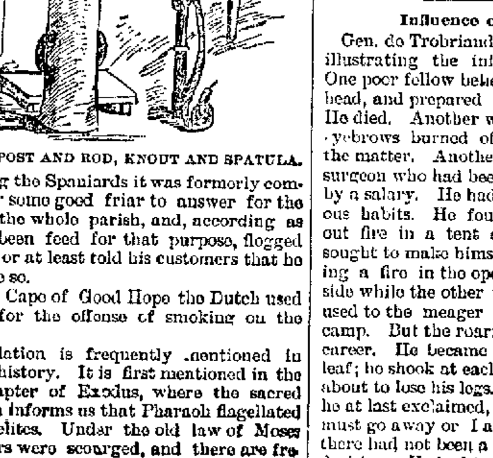
THE KNOUTING OF MME. LAPUCHINE.

A momentous dispute agitated the learned world at one period as to whether whipping as a penance or whipping as a punishment was first introduced. The various methods of doing penance were at first all comprehended under the term "disciplines." Some penitents bestowed the blows on the backs and shoulders, which was called the "upper discipline;" others preferred what was termed the "lower discipline." The difference between the two will be obvious.

The practice of flogging is now generally prevalent throughout Europe, but in Denmark, in the Seventeenth century, it was made a matter of amusement to the court. At the end of every hunting match at court, in order to whoop things up at the conclusion of the entertainment, persons who had infringed the known game laws were brought forth and made to kneel down between the horns of the stag that had been killed; two of the gentlemen removed the skirts of his coat, when the king, taking a long, stout wand in his hand, would everlastingly thump that portion of the culprit where his coat tails ought to have been.

What a humorous king! What a ghoulish glee for kings!

In Turkey a verberation on the breach was the common chastisement inflicted either on the Janissaries or Spahis.



PRISON POST AND ROD, KNOUT AND SPATULA.

Among the Spaniards it was formerly common for some good friar to answer for the sins of the whole parish, and, according as he had been feed for that purpose, flogged himself, or at least told his customers that he had done so.

At the Cape of Good Hope the Dutch used to flog for the offense of smoking on the streets.

Flagellation is frequently mentioned in biblical history. It is first mentioned in the fifth chapter of Exodus, where the sacred historian informs us that Pharaoh flagellated the Israelites. Under the old law of Moses adulterers were scourged, and there are frequent passages in Scripture which tell how whipping with rods, whips, etc., was universal in times of old. Five hundred years after Christ the Jews used to lash one another with scourges.

WHIPPING IN PRISON.

Flogging in prisons was, until about a decade ago, universal throughout the world. The lash was given as an additional punishment to imprisonment. Throughout Europe soldiers used to run the gauntlet; immoral women were whipped at the corners of the streets; women or girls of less bad character were whipped in houses of correction. In the barbarous galleys of the beginning of the present century the culprits, naked to the loins, were frightfully flagellated with rods. In Holland culprits were put in the pillory and scourged in the open market place with rods made of long broom corn. It is only recently that the stern Dutch abolished the public whipping of women. In Germany and Switzerland the magistrates ordered whipping with a cane for the slightest offense. In the Sixteenth century the tenets of the Quakers were so obnoxious to the church party that "the Friends" were frequently flogged in the public squares of London. These whippings were extremely cruel, the victims frequently dying under the lash. Whipping men and women tied to the end of a moving cart was also very frequent in the Eighteenth century.

WHIPPING AS A MEDICINE.

In some countries it used to be thought that the rod was possessed of valuable healing properties! An eccentric old doctor in the Eighteenth century declared that there was nothing like the rod as a universal specific, that it stirred up the stagnating juices, dissolved the precipitating salts, purified the coagulating humors of the body, cleared the brain, purged the stomach, and was, in fact, a cure-all.

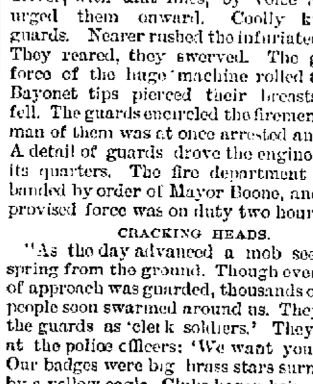
Russia, the land of the unspeakable czar, despotic and semi-barbaric country as it has ever been, was par excellence the land of the whip and rod, for, from time immemorial, the Russians have been governed by the lash. Not only this, but they have the "peet," which is a piece of iron made hot and put into a heated iron box, to be taken up and held by the victim. Then they have the knout, a Tartar invention, and the most formidable punisher ever invented by the ingenuity of man. It is a heavy leather thong about eight feet long, attached to a handle two feet long, the lash being about the breadth of a broad tape, and curved so as to give two sharp edges along its entire length; it is sometimes bound with a wire thread, the end terminating in a little hook. At each blow the sharp edges cut into the flesh like a flexible double edged sword, and as the lash is drawn away the hook at the end tears out a thin strip of flesh. When Elizabeth was empress of Russia she ordered the beautiful lady of the court, Mme. Lapuchine, knouted. Not only was the skin taken from her back, but her tongue was cut out, and she was then banished to Siberia. She survived these horrors—tortures that have often killed men of the strongest constitutions.

### THE SLAYER OF KING.

**Portrait of Elizabeth Beechler, Who Refused to Be Discarded.**

Following is the graphic account of the shooting at Omaha of H. W. King, Jr., given by Miss Elizabeth Beechler, the woman who killed him and with whom he had lived. She made the statement immediately after she had committed the murder. The portrait herewith presented is from The Chicago Tribune:

"I left Chicago yesterday," she said, "with the best of intentions in my heart. Arriving in Omaha, I inquired where Harry was living, and was told he was boarding at the Paxton. I had been told by a lady on the train whom I happened to meet that Harry was married, but supposed that I was the only wife. I then went to the hotel and registered as Mrs. Elizabeth M. King, and asked for Harry's room. The clerk told me that it was No. 63, and I went upstairs, I think to the third floor. In the meantime I had asked for a room adjoining Harry's, but was told that I could not have it until later in the day. I wanted to be close to them, or on the same floor at least, so I could watch their movements. I supposed that his wife was with him, but when I rapped at his door I did not hear any voices or talking on the inside. I rapped several times before there was a response. Finally Harry came to the door in his night clothes, and sticking his head out asked what was wanted. I said: 'Good morning, Harry; you were not expecting to see me, were you?' He replied: 'No, and I don't care to see you,' and shut the door in my face.



ELIZABETH BEECHLER.

"My heart sank for a moment, and I did not know what to do. Again I said that I must see him, and he said: 'Go down in the parlor and wait until I get dressed.' I replied that I would wait there, and I did. In about twenty minutes he came out, and we walked to the elevator together. Getting in the elevator, we descended to the parlor floor, where we had a conversation. At first we were seated. I asked Harry to take me down to breakfast. He said he did not want any breakfast, and for me to go on down to the dining room alone, as he had to go to the store. I insisted on his going to breakfast with me, but he blankly refused and arose to his feet to go. I said: 'Harry, you are my lawful husband, and I have a right to demand your company to breakfast.' He said: 'Shut up! There's a girl and she'll hear you.' I said: 'I don't care who hears me.' At this he grasped at my throat and, grating his teeth, said: 'I could choke you off right here.' I then shoved him back and fired. The first shot I fired took effect in his side, I think, for he turned pale and clasped his hand on his hip. After that I was so excited that I hardly remember just what did take place. I shot several times more, but don't know exactly how many. After the first shot Harry ran around the corner of the elevator and started down stairs. At this time we were standing at the platform of the elevator. As Harry reached the head of the stairs I was close behind him, and shot repeatedly. When I saw him fall on the stairway and saw the blood oozing from his mouth, I rushed to him and laid his head in my arms, where he breathed his last. Just before leaving Chicago," continued Miss Beechler, "I telegraphed Miss Duffy's mother the situation her daughter was in. The telegram cost me $3 50. The poor girl's mother will be heartbroken when she hears the sad news," and here the woman broke completely down in tears and sobs.

### Influence of Imagination.

Gen. de Trobriand relates many incidents illustrating the influence of imagination. One poor fellow believed he had a ball in the head, and prepared to die on account of it. He died. Another with his eye gone and his eyebrows burned off thought nothing was the matter. Another instance was that of a surgeon who had been allured into the army by a salary. He had been a man of luxurious habits. He found himself living without fire in a tent covered with snow. He sought to make himself comfortable by making a fire in the open air and toasting one side while the other froze. He could not get used to the meager fare and no bed of the camp. But the roaring of cannon ended his career. He became livid, trembling like a leaf; he shook at each detonation and seemed about to lose his legs. "I am a dead man," he at last exclaimed, as if actually shot. "I must go away or I am a dead man." And there had not been a shot anywhere near the division. He had to be carried to a hospital and discharged. At Gettysburg a color bearer staggered and fell back. "Steady," called the colonel. "I am wounded," he replied in a choking voice. "Where?" "In the throat." The commander leaned over his horse and looked. "It is nothing. I see no blood." He immediately retook his place, raising up his flag. The ball had really struck him in the neck but bounded off his leather collar, and the shock had choked him for a moment.—Chicago Tribune Book Review.

## CHICAGO'S FIRST RIOT.

### RESISTANCE TO A LICENSE ORDINANCE RESULTS IN BLOODSHED.

**One Killed and Several Wounded—Unusual Use of a Fire Department—Fighting the Mob—Medals for Heroes of the Occasion.**

The story of the first riot in Chicago, bringing about a conflict between the police and people, is interesting. It was known as the "lager beer riot." W. H. Prince, of 506 Webster avenue, who for twenty-seven years did duty as an officer on the police force, was a participant in those stirring scenes. Mr. Prince is a well preserved man of 69 years.

"'Twas in 1855. At the spring election the people had voted to advance the liquor license to $300. Threats were heard that if an attempt was made to enforce the law blood would flow. Mayor Boone was determined the law should have a fair trial. In this he had the active support of Alderman W. L. Church, chairman of the police committee, as well as of a majority of the city council. A half dozen saloon men were arrested for keeping open their places without paying the required license. They were locked up in the county jail. That structure was then a wooden building standing on the present site of the court house and city hall. The police force then numbered sixteen night and six day men. C. P. Bradley, a courageous, cool headed man, was captain of police. As soon as the saloon keepers were locked up threats of rescue were made by their friends. The entire police force was put on reserve duty. Twelve men under Capt. Bradley guarded the jail day and night. The first night thousands of people crowded about our lines, but aside from angry words and a few arrests for disorderly conduct, no trouble resulted. The people next day grew wilder.

PREPARING TO FIGHT A MOB.

Hot headed fellows addressed them. The imprisonment was denounced as tyrannical. People were urged to mob the police, tear down the jail and liberate their friends. Early that morning, by order of Mayor Boone, we were re-enforced by the Chicago Light Guards and the Montgomery Guards, small uniformed and armed militia bodies. Chicago had then those floating bridges or pontoons, one at Clark, the other at Randolph street. The city had a battery of two pieces, commanded by R. K. Swift. These cannon were planted near the jail and covered the two bridges. The bridges were 'swung on the corners,' so that the people could only cross them on foot and in single file. This was done to prevent mobs from forming on the North or West Side and sweeping down on the jail. These precautions were believed to be ample against any attack. The people seemed ripe for a riot. The fire department was in sympathy with them. The first assault came from an unexpected quarter.

"Suddenly there rang out an alarm of fire at the jail. In accord with the provincial habits of the time the entire population poured out and came streaming through the streets toward us. The fire engine came thundering down under full speed. The driver, as he neared the line of the Montgomery Guards, yelled, 'Clear the way,' and lashed his horses into a terrific gait. The guards came at once to the position of a squad of infantry receiving a cavalry charge—dropping on one knee and presenting an unbroken line of glistening bayonets. The powerful horses, under the lash, galloped on. The crowd of people recoiled. Nearing the lines the horses plunged vainly. The nervy driver, with taut lines, by voice and lash urged them onward. Coolly knelt the guards. Nearer rushed the infuriated horses. They reared, they swerved. The gathered force of the huge machine rolled them on. Bayonet tips pierced their breasts. They fell. The guards encircled the firemen. Every man of them was at once arrested and jailed. A detail of guards drove the engine back to its quarters. The fire department was disbanded by order of Mayor Boone, and an improvised force was on duty two hours later.

CRACKING HEADS.

"As the day advanced a mob seemed to spring from the ground. Though every point of approach was guarded, thousands of angry people soon swarmed around us. They cursed the guards as 'clerk soldiers.' They howled at the police officers: 'We want your stars.' Our badges were big brass stars surmounted by a yellow eagle. Clubs began being thrown and an occasional brickbat whistled past us. 'Let's strip their stars,' some one yelled, and the wild mob came rushing on. We clubbed them. They fell back, then re-enforced by men maddened by drink came howling at us again under a perfect shower of stones. Several officers had been hit. We charged with our clubs and cracked several heads. From the mob a shot was fired. Officer Hunt fell at my side. Quickly came the ringing order 'fire!' A volley flashed from our revolvers. Several rioters fell. The crowd ran. One rioter was instantly killed and several were wounded. Officer Hunt lost his right arm. The death of the rioter and the wounding of many others seemed to appease the passions of the multitude. The mobs were then readily swept from the streets, and the beer riot was ended.

"Officer Hunt, who is now employed in the city comptroller's office, is the only one, beside myself, of the twelve police officers participating in the fight, still living in Chicago. We are both very proud of elegant gold medals presented us by the citizens at a great public meeting held at the Sherman house shortly after the riot. These souvenirs bear our names and the words: 'Presented by the citizens of Chicago for gallant services as police officers in the riot of April 21, 1855.'"—Chicago Herald.

### Gold Field Under Philadelphia.

The ground on which Philadelphia is built is one of the richest gold fields in the world. This is a fact. The only difficulty is that the field cannot be worked. Nearly the whole city is underlaid with clay to the depth of about ten feet—an area say ten miles square. A cubic foot of clay, weighing 120 pounds, taken from a depth of fourteen feet when the cellar of the Twelfth street market house was excavated, was practically demonstrated to contain seven-tenths of a grain of gold, or one pound in 1,244,000. The experiment was repeated with about the same results with clay taken from a brickyard in the suburbs. Supposing the whole mass of clay to be 4,160,000,000 pounds (and it is really much greater), the amount of gold would reach in value the enormous sum of $120,000,000. The gravel is much richer in gold than the clay, but there is not so much of it. Undoubtedly $200,000,000 worth of gold lies within fifteen feet of the surface and still it cannot be used.—Philadelphia Times.

### A New Wrinkle in Fishing.

G. H. Mock, who resides near Cameron, says he planted thirty-four stalks of sugar-cane twenty-one inches long and has raised over three hundred fine stalks from the planting this year. He says also that Jarrell's lake, near Cameron, is the best place to catch fish of which he has ever heard. That when the bream are in a biting notion any one can take a worm and rub it on his finger and hold his hand in the water, and that the fish will come up and take hold of the finger. Then, by closing the thumb down on its head, it can be taken in without any effort. This can be repeated until you catch as many as you need, or until you become weary of the sport. Nothing could induce him to leave that section now. The only trouble is in getting the right sort of worm to rub your finger with.—Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone.

## PRADO'S CRIMES.

### They Are Numerous, Startling and Sensational.

#### ABOUT HIS TRIAL IN PARIS.

**All the World Is Amazed at the Man's Wickedness, His Nerve and His Shrewdness—Byron's Don Juan Quite Outdone in Every Way.**

Europe, and in fact all the world, has for some time been giving strict attention to the trial at Paris of Prado, the French criminal.

In Prado, Byron's Don Juan has been outdone. Prado, the French criminal, has not only distanced him on his own ground, but has added thereto a record of crime that would have made Don Juan turn pale.

Prado has been keeping the Parisians in a state of sensation for a long while. Among his various crimes was the murder of Marie Aquetant.

A RECORD OF HIS CRIMES.

Here is a record of some of the crimes of which this man is accused. They are so many and so frightful that it is with difficulty one can assume that they all belong to the same man. Indeed the criminal has gone by so many different names that it may be questionable if he is always one and the same person, or some one else. One thing is certain: he is always a criminal; never anything else.

A year ago in November a man was arrested on the banks of the Seine for robbery. He wounded a policeman, who made the arrest, with a revolver. He gave his name as Prado y Ribo. He was really Linsk de Castillon. He had previously gone by three other names—Mendoza, Hero and Grasset. In 1887 he was married in Madrid, i. e., married the last time, for he had often been married before. He then registered himself as Linsk de Castillon. This name is also on the certificate of the birth of his child, whose mother was a woman named Couronneau, who lives at Bordeaux.

IS HE THE SON OF LOUIS NAPOLEON?

It is supposed that this Prado, alias Linsk, alias two or three other persons, is the son of Louis Napoleon by a lady in waiting at the French court. At any rate he was born in 1855, when Napoleon was at the height of his power. When the lad was 13 years old he was placed at school at Dijon and was under the care of an old lady who had plenty of money. His first piece of handiwork was robbing his mother of all her jewels, and then skipping. He went around the world to see what was going on, landing at San Francisco, and at last bringing up in New York. In 1872 he held a commission as lieutenant in the Carlist army. He secured a brief leave of absence. It was very brief, but not so short as to deprive him from crossing the frontier into France and effecting a robbery of 8,000 francs. Singularly enough he did not forget to return. He rejoined the army, and at the siege of San Sebastian, was taken prisoner and sentenced to be shot, but the daughter of the governor, whom he had seduced, saved his life.

WOUNDED AS A SOLDIER.

At the battle of Sommorostro he was wounded and taken to a hospital, where he seduced a Sister of Charity who nursed him. He afterwards married her and went on a tour with her to the Holy Land. His wife died at Ischia, and it is believed that he poisoned her. He then went to Sarona, where, in broad day light, he stole 30,000 francs worth of jewelry. He disposed of the jewels and returned to France.

Prado took part in the last Carlist war, and then concluded to make a tour to Peru. The country proved a gold mine to him, for he married a woman who brought him 1,200,000 francs. He had a child by her who died young, and his wife, as was usually with those he married, died suddenly. On the day of her funeral he lost 400,000 francs at poker, and her relatives were so scandalized that they drove him out of Lima.

IN MADRID AS A GAMBLER.

Then he opened a gambling house in Madrid, and won 200,000 francs in one night by cheating at roulette. There a Spanish marchioness over 80, to whom he made love, furnished him with 80,000 francs. On Nov. 1, 1879, he married a Spanish lady at San Sebastian, Dolores Garces y Mancilla, who brought him 170,000 francs. This wife is still living in Madrid in poverty.

He next went to Paris—in 1883—where he continued his rascalities, and lived with a married woman (Mme. Varlay), who was separated from her husband. She was desperately in love with Prado, and gave him all her money. It was at this time that the murder of Marie Aquetant occurred.

This woman was of the demi-monde of Paris. She owned splendid jewels, which she displayed to Prado. One night Prado went with her to her room, and the next morning at 4 o'clock she was discovered to have been murdered. Her money and her jewels had disappeared. Prado went home to Mme. Varlay the same night, but did not sleep, continually getting up to wash his hands. Mme. Varlay also noticed that he had been scratched. Prado told her that a woman had been murdered in Paris and every one was discussing it. At the time he alone knew of the murder. His shirt also was bloody. He burned his shirt and his boots, notwithstanding the remonstrance of Mme. Varlay. They dined together that afternoon, and Prado spoke of the murder carelessly. But soon after he told her he was going to Spain. She saw him off, and on reading the description of the man who was last seen with Marie Aquetant, was horrified to see that it described her lover.

GOING BACK TO PARIS.

Mme. Varlay heard from Prado afterward. He wrote her to join him and go with him to America. After other escapades in Spain, Prado returned to Paris and robbed a jeweler of 10,000 francs. It was for this act that he was arrested.

PRADO ON TRIAL.

Prado's conduct at the trial surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his admirers, and threw Prazini's celebrated "premiere" completely into the shade. Professors in psychology all agree that in him is revealed, in addition to a most murderous monster, a wonderful specimen of that human product so much discussed here of late, namely, "L'Homme a Femme."

Physically, every one of his features is repulsive.

Indeed, a mere glance at him is sufficient to engender a feeling of loathing. But when he opens his lips and speaks he is totally metamorphosed. He becomes absolutely attractive. His whole face lights up, and even the judge, who, clothed in red and black, sits under the picture of the crucifixion, is moved to admiration, as well as the perfumed mondaines and demi-mondaines who throng the court room.

Prado's antecedents are mysterious, and have hitherto baffled the most diligent efforts of the French police to determine his etat civil. It is only when he speaks such perfect Spanish, French or English, as he does every now and then, that doubts arise as to his being a Frenchman.

When he hands over to the press table his sketches of the scenes in which he is playing so dangerous a role the artists representing the illustrated papers tear up theirs in disgust and begin bartering with him for those due to his pen. His replies are wonderfully to the point, and his language rich in apt quotation, while in fencing with the astute president of the tribunal he always scores a victory. Nevertheless, it is proved that for years together Prado lived on the proceeds of the immorality of his various paramours.

Facing the prisoner were seated the two women who were the chief witnesses against him. The one was Eugenie Forestier, the femme galante to whom he described, in one of those moments of expansion to which even such secretive serpents as this man are subject, how he had murdered Marie Aquetant for the sake of her jewels; the other was Mariette, whom he seduced under promise of marriage. They are both remarkably beautiful women. The first is a tall and stately blonde; the other a timid, shy brunette.

### NOT A MAN AROUND.

**A Wedding at Which the Ceremony Was Satisfactory to the Ladies.**

It was at L. B. Snow's. "Let's see—two, five, six, seven, eight girls, and three, five, nine boys," counted a maiden with a musical voice as a reporter reached the house last evening. The proportion held good so far as raiment was concerned, but if the pretty forms in the garments usually reserved for the male sex were those of "boys" the young men might find it profitable to pose for artists. One of the "boys" had sought to disguise "himself" with a stage mustache and goatee of cotton, but the clear complexion and sparkling eyes were not those of a Cleveland young man. There were dudes and handsome, clever young fellows, who apparently earned a livelihood in intellectual occupations, and they were witty and clever beyond the usual standard of dinner parties. The "girls" ranged from a prim, plainly clad old maid to attractive young ladies who are probably unmarried, because they would be content with nothing short of presidents.

It was 9 o'clock when the party fell in line and proudly marched to the flower decked library. A young lady at the head of the line rendered on a mouth organ Mendelssohn's wedding march with great fervor and enthusiasm. The happy bridal couple took their station under the traditional floral piece, and the officiating young lady, assuming the solemn tone of an official, conducted the ceremony. After fitting introductory remarks the groom was asked: "Dare you promise that you will love, honor and obey this, your future wife; earn by the sweat of your brow her clothes and board, get in the coal, chop the kindling, light the fires, hang out the clothes line, beat the carpets at house cleaning time, wash dishes if necessary, and rock the baby (not my half but your own way as well) while she, your better half, is resting quietly in the arms of Morpheus?" It was a startling inquiry, but the bridegroom ventured an affirmative response. The bride was asked: "Dare you promise that you will properly govern (as all sensible women are supposed to do) this, your future husband; keep all the buttons on his clothes, remember where and when he left his hat last, never grumble or growl when he chews his pipe in the house, and be always willing to administer soothing syrup should he be out late and come home with snakes in his boots?" The bride intimated that she would dare undertake the task, and the couple received congratulations.—Cleveland Leader.

### Gen. Garfield's Carelessness.

"I don't think I ever knew a man who was more improvident, or who had less ability to take care of his money, than Gen. Garfield," said a gentleman who was on very intimate terms with the late president, to a Star reporter the other night. "His friends all knew the general's weakness in that respect," he continued, "and were always willing to assist him when he got into a tight place, which, I must say, was quite often. He was such a genial, companionable man that every one who knew him liked him, and those who were his intimates positively loved him. Garfield knew that he had no head for business; that he could not keep money, and he often joked about it. Sometimes those of his friends who had pulled him out of close financial quarters frequently would get a little irritated, but they always ended by giving him what he wanted. I'll tell you a little story, which is as true as gospel. In 1877 there was a large party going to make the trip across to San Francisco, and Garfield wanted very much to go. He had been invited and had his railroad passes there and back. But such a trip costs money, even if you don't pay railroad fare, and Garfield was hard up. He was talking about the trip one day with a banker here and myself, and expressed regret that he could not go. The banker asked him why, and he confessed that he hadn't any money. The banker said he would loan him $500, and Garfield's face lit up with pleasure as he asked when he could have the money. The banker, who knew his weakness, said he wouldn't give it to him, for if he did he wouldn't have any by the time the train should start, but he agreed to give it to me, with the understanding that I should give the general $250 after he got on the train and take the other $250 to Mrs. Garfield to keep her while he was gone. He agreed to the terms, and I faithfully carried them out."—Washington Star.

### Cruel Children.

In the gradual development there is always a sense of pleasure in the exercise of power, but this pleasure has to be subordinated to the good of society; and this is one of the first necessary steps to successful social growth. So the young boy who is, even among us, more frequently cruel than sympathetic, may go through a period of bullying, etc., to become a refined and sympathetic man, full of generous impulses. I say this is the ordinary method, but, as might be expected, some boys never become kindly, and some, instead, grow from cruel to brutal, and end as social pests. It supposed that the lower animal, especially the carnivora, are pleased with the torture they cause, but I doubt if this is the only interpretation of the treatment of the mouse by the cat and of his victim by the lion.

There are children who inflict torture on every kind of living thing. Thus I have known a child of tender years begin by pulling off the wings of flies, then proceed to bake frogs, and next to take birds and bore out their eyes, and later still try to injure any child who might fall into his power. I have known such children kick cats and dogs to death, or set light to them, or pour boiling water over them, the fiendish pleasure being increased if the young of the animals were thus reduced to starvation. The morally undeveloped child has been pointed out to me by several devout friends as a proof of the existence of the devil as well as of the truth of the doctrine of original sin, and I own their actions go far to satisfy those who seek such support. I do not know of any age at which this brutality may not develop, as I have seen brutes of this nature as young as 4. In one such the vice and cunning were extreme, that though many evil and cruel deeds were done the culprit was long undiscovered. Another most serious trait is that these morally insane children will make false accusations, and will even destroy their clothes and produce the appearance of injury to support tales of assault and robbery.—The Fortnightly Review.

### Any One Can Play the Piano with It.

His name is Abdank-Abakanowicz—no man with any other name could have done it—and he has invented an electrical machine by means of which any one can play the piano. Last night he gave an exhibition in Dr. Doremus' lecture room in the New York college, and, by means of his utterly heartless device, he played music forward, backward and sideways, producing a combination of Mozart when he was playing forward and of Wagner when he was playing backward. It was interesting as an exposition of what Wagnerian music really is, but the thought of an instrument being abroad in the land wherewith any one can play the piano is curdling to contemplate.—New York Graphic.

## EXPERT OPINIONS.

### THE CONVICTS IN TWO PRISONS ON THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

**A General Decision That the Murderer Is a Lunatic—All Agree That He Should Be Hanged if Captured—If Caught at All It Will Be by Accident.**

Reporters of the New York Evening Sun have interviewed several of the convicts at Sing Sing and at the New Jersey state prison, in Trenton, on the subject of the Whitechapel murders.

At Sing Sing Arthur Williamson, a bright young fellow who is doing a five years' term for burglary, was the first man seen. He had heard of the murders, and his first conclusion was that the man who committed them is undoubtedly crazy.

"Either he has been deceived by a woman," said Williamson, "or he has received by association with them some deep physical injury. He is probably one of the higher class of people, perhaps a medical student. He is not of the Whitechapel folks, but must be looked for outside."

Charles A. Clark, a forger with a sentence of four years and eight months, was a very intelligent Englishman, and almost had a map of Whitechapel in his head. He spoke of the favorable nature of that district, with its countless courts and alleys, for the commission and concealment of crimes like these.

"If the murderer is caught I am inclined to think it will be by accident," said Clark.

THINKS HE IS A MEDICAL STUDENT.

George Edwards, also an Englishman and a forger, said the murderer was undoubtedly a crank. Probably he had been a medical student, as his work was done so skillfully, and he had allowed his studies to lead him the wrong way. He was probably affected by association with the class of women whom he now seeks to remove. Edwards did not believe the murderer would stop when he got fifteen victims. He would probably keep right on. Such a series of crimes would hardly be possible under the American detective system, but were undoubtedly aided in London by the nature of the locality.

"An officer in woman's clothing might be able to do something," suggested Edwards, "if he could play his part well."

John Dean is a ruggedly built fellow serving out a twenty years' term for manslaughter. He is an Englishman and has been a sailor.

"My first thought about those murders," said he, "was that they might have been the work of a revengeful Malay sailor who had been cheated by one of these women and took short voyages between the crimes to elude suspicion. The objection to that conclusion is that some of the other women would have known of the cheating and would not have kept still about it. But the final conclusion that I have been forced to is that the murderer, from some cause, is a maniac on that subject—a fanatic. It is easy enough for him to elude the police in that locality; even if he were covered with blood, it would be nothing unusual, for there are slaughter houses near, and I myself have seen a man with a bloody knife held in his mouth run out to get a pail of beer and then hurry back."

Steve Raymond is an Englishman, too. He is in Sing Sing for life, and is the only convict serving such a term as that for forgery. He comes under the amended habitual criminals law.

Raymond believed the murderer to be a high class, well educated man, very cunning, and crazy on that one point. He did not think the man accosted Whitechapel women, but that he sauntered through that locality and let himself be led; then when a suitable place was reached he would seize his victim after the fashion of the garroter, pull his knife quickly as the woman became limp and then complete his work.

"He carries, I think," said Raymond, "some little articles of disguise, perhaps an alpaca coat and gloves, which can be folded up small and put on very quickly."

All considered that the man comes from the higher class of people, and, being most extraordinary in his character and deeds, will require most extraordinary means for his capture.

At the New Jersey state prison the following opinions were obtained:

Libbie Garrabandt, who, when a young woman, poisoned her old husband to accept the love of a younger man, and who has in consequence spent the best years of her life in prison, did not seem disposed to discuss the Whitechapel murders. She said it made her shudder to hear of such horrible crimes. She believed no one but a lunatic could be the guilty man.

AN EX-POLICEMAN'S VIEW.

John Nugent, formerly a New York policeman and who is supposed to have been concerned in the well remembered Manhattan bank robbery, but who is serving a term here for a different offense, knew more of the London murders than any of the other convicts.

This is accounted for by the fact that Nugent is one of the clerks of the prison library, and, therefore, has more facility for learning the news of the outside world.

"I doubt very much," said he, "whether it is the one man that is committing all these murders. I don't believe one man could follow it up so long and not be discovered. I think there is a band of them, who for some devilish purpose of their own have pledged themselves to each slay one or two of these women of the street.

"Either that, or else several men of fiendish souls are acting independently of each other and unknown to each other, one having taken inspiration from the deed of another."

Some of the other convicts expressed themselves with brevity, and a number had nothing to say. Here are some of the expressions.

By a Man Who Himself Narrowly Escaped the Gallows—If there is one or a dozen of them they ought to be strung up as soon as found. They don't need any trial.

By a Hudson County Man Doing Time for Assault—It looks like the kind of murders a woman would commit rather than a man.

By a Burglar—If they had the same kind of police in Newark I wouldn't be in prison now.

By a Camden Barn Burner—If it's one man that's doing all these murders, he's crazy as Guiteau was; but that kind of craziness ought to be punished with hanging every time.

### Russian Railway Traffic.

The railways in Russia have participated in the general improvement in the trade of that country. According to a report from the British embassy in St. Petersburg, which has just been issued by the foreign office, a great increase has taken place during the first half of the present year, both in the number of passengers and the amount of goods carried—the increase in the former being nearly 500,000 and in the latter 143,000,000 poods over the figures for the corresponding period of last year. The net receipts were on the average £500 per verst in 1888, against £470 in 1887. As might be expected, the purely strategical lines pay the worst. Mr. Dering, the author of the report, gives tables containing the figures of all the railways of Russia, relating to length, total traffic, traffic per verst, and comparison with 1887. There are three of these tables, the first containing the statistics of the twenty-two lines in which the receipts per verst are above the average, the second those of the nineteen lines in which the receipts are below the average, but above the half of it, and the third those of the twenty lines in which the receipts are below half the average.—London Times.

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# The Bucks County Gazette

**JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.**

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.


TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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**ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.**

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.


## THE RIDING SCHOOLS.

### WHERE SOCIETY SPENDS PART OF ITS TIME WHEN SUMMER IS OVER.

**Careful Training of the Horses—Mounting from the Ground—Nervous Women. Habits Fitted While on the Horse—Riding to Music.**

The base of all riding lessons for beginners is the safety and careful training of the horses. Only a horse of strong will power, wide intelligence and disciplined nerves can bear with equanimity the succession of surprises a sweet girl manages to arrange for him when she mounts for the first time. The first mounting is from a block, and a rider has only to sit down with a little spring to be in her place, but there are something like a hundred ways a girl manages to take that little spring and take it exactly wrong before she is in the saddle. Then it takes an artist to arrange a girl's skirts and two grooms to hold the horse while it is done. When she doesn't forget to unhook the little loop that holds her dress in the back she sits down squarely on the fullness that should go over the pommel, or gets so helplessly wound up in the skirts that no one but the fifteen puzzle man can ever get her out alive. Her saddle is never exactly right, her stirrup either too long or too short, and she fidgets and fusses and nestles and giggles and gets pink in her cheeks and a lot of imprecation and profanity in the heart of the groom before she is finally satisfied and rides into the ring, only to come back again in nine cases out of ten for another horse or saddle or something.

Mounting from the ground is a yet more difficult feat, and usually the first few trials end in disaster. One hand on the saddle, the other on the shoulder of the master, his arm about her waist, her foot in his hand, and then count one, two, three, and she springs only to land where she least expects, while the horse quivers and shivers in patient submission and bears it. The favorite mode of riding is after the English style, and the master rides round and round with the pupil correcting, criticising her position, and suggesting such ideas as she may find beneficial. Suddenly, without warning, he chirrups to her horse, and away they go, his hand underneath her elbow to teach how and when to rise from the saddle as the horse bounds. Faster and faster they fly, and whiter and whiter grows the girl's face through the nameless fear that will come and must be dispelled by heroic treatment.

A naturally graceful woman who is not afraid of a horse and understands how to manage one, can learn to ride well in a very few lessons, but a timid, nervous woman require considerable practice to accustom herself to the to her terrifying motion of the powerful animal she rides.

"I practiced months and months," said a pretty young girl in gray striped habit, "to learn to rise in the saddle according to the master's teaching, but I just couldn't do it at all, and I was lame all over, until one day papa said: 'Why, just sit still and let the horse throw you,' and in ten minutes I had it and have never had any trouble since."

All this time that the young riders had been flopping and tossing and jerking around in the rink, a tall, vigorous young woman had been drawing on her gloves, and a pink cheeked girl in the corner was reading a love letter, waiting for their horses and scolding because some one whom they called Bert couldn't come and ride with them, so they could go out in the park, and when the horses finally came, two handsome, white faced, slender necked beauties, they flew down the steps, one foot in the hand of the groom, a spring, and they were in the saddles, every fold of their habits falling into exactly the correct and proper place with no fidgeting, and into the rink they dashed on the prancing, dancing horses, flying round and round and across the circle, striking terror to the hearts of their timid sisters, while the fresh, soft color sprang to the riders' cheeks and the pretty brightness to their eyes with the swift exercise.

"How is it that you seem to have so much less trouble with your dress in mounting than the others?" asked an inquisitive matron as the girls came panting up the stairs.

"Oh, I don't know, unless it is because they were fitted on a real live horse up here at the stable. A great many of the ladies insist on their tailors coming to the stables to fit the dresses now. A wooden charger isn't like a live horse to mount, you know."

When the beginners' lessons are ended for the day comes the glorious dashing music ride by all the school together. Suddenly a crash of music, a trampling of hoofs, a tossing of silky manes and glossy curving necks, and sixty horses, all saddled and bridled, dash out into the rink, and half as many women are trying to mount the eager, pawing, quivering steeds, and twice as many men are helping them to the best of their poor skill. The ladies fuss and twist and wrestle, stirrups are shortened or lengthened, girths are tightened, the music crashes on, the pretty horses stand impatiently, with quivering ears and dilated nostrils. The queenly beauty goes out to mount, but pouts in the prettiest imaginable way as she is led along the block, but smiles with lips and eyes as a fair haired Adonis, anticipating her wish to mount from the ground, springs down from the block and holds up his arms invitingly to her. Twenty horses are crowded together in a little space cavorting and pawing in impatience and excitement, but down among their trampling hoofs she flies fearlessly, and with a quick, light spring she is beaming down into his face as he fits her foot into the stirrup and tightens her saddle girth, then flings himself on a horse, and round and round the big rink they all revolve in steady measured pace to the quick, throbbing music.

Sweet girls ride into the ring alone all fearlessly, but hardly are they inside the gate before some mounted knight with uplifted hat joins them, and two and two they dizzily wheel, now to the right, now to the left, divide into two circles, meet and come up the center four abreast, wheel again into the circles of four, meet and march up eight abreast, separate once more, wheel, meet, and sixteen horses' heads come tossing up in line, as unlike in expression as the sixteen bright faces above them, and round they wheel again in pairs.

Then they all form in one straight line, while the music beats the time, dash forward, the whole seventy of them, in a salute to the leader, and the lesson is over, only a few of the bravest of the ladies remaining to ride for the rings, and only two braving the hurdles.—New York Sun.

### Best Protection Against Colds.

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from catarrhal pneumonia or chronic bronchitis are found to be in the habit of neglecting the skin. Their skin has become degraded, and is no longer a protective covering for the body. The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh brush, the cold douche, the air bath, and by frequent change of underclothing. Active exercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—Youth's Companion.

### Has Solved the Problem.

There is a man in Albany who has solved the problem of winding his Waterbury watch without wasting half his time in the operation. He is employed in a machine shop. When the time arrives for the watch to be wound he simply holds the knob of the stem against one of the belts for a moment and the thing is done.—Chicago Herald.

## TO SAVE THE BOYS.

### A CHICAGO LADY SUGGESTS A PLAN TO REFORM BAD URCHINS.

**The System of Placing Them in Contact with Adult Wrong Doers Damns Them for All Time—An Appeal to the Officials.**

Your editorial of the 6th inst. on "A House of Detention for Children Accused of Crime" touches a most important point, I might say a vital one. Certainly it is that to the children themselves. There are now in the boys' ward of Cook county jail twenty-four lads ranging from 9 to 17 years old—bright, active, bad children. Some of them claim to be in on suspicion, others are held as witnesses; but all are promiscuously huddled together. Brazen, self confessed thieves talk and whisper with the new comer who seems ashamed and sorrowful; but how long will that last in such company? These undergraduates for the penitentiary are busy workers, faithful in their vile teachings; many a time has a larger boy pointed out a smaller one and said;

"That feller got me in here."

Last week a boy told me with quite a degree of pride that he had spent sixty hours in the dungeon "Cause he was so bad," and the boys around him looked admiringly at him.

Many of these lads are there by inheritance. Their fathers and mothers were and are criminals. They have inherited their criminal tendencies just as much as they have their physical peculiarities. Others are there through associating at night with groups of good and bad mixed, and it is the good who always suffer by this association.

HARDLY MORE THAN BABES.

Many little fellows are brought in so small that their toes cannot touch the floor while sitting on the benches, and are kept in jail until called before the grand jury or a judge, when, after a kind but earnest reprimand, if it is their first offense, they are dismissed with a warning of what will happen "next time." All this has taken weeks, as the "law's delays" are proverbial, and these boys have during this time been in jail. They have seen, heard and learned that which in such boys will never be forgotten. Some men are in the boys' ward, and a boy of 17 has less shame as a wicked teacher than a man has, and the boys are put into cells two by two, so that night and day the work of corruption goes on.

Since 1882 there has been a school held in this ward, at first one session, and after a time two every day, but now only one, and that in the morning. The teacher endeavored to train, first of all, their moral nature. Much time is spent in that direction, and the singing of Gospel hymns is a great delight to the boys. Then reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic are as thoroughly taught as the short time will permit. These boys chew tobacco like veterans and smoke cheap cigarettes till the air is blue and choking, but when the teacher opens her school with a pleasant "Good morning, boys," hats are taken off, tobacco is pushed in a great lump into the cheek, cigarettes are pocketed and a general attempt is made to "straighten up" and appear a little better, which shows that some self respect is left.

APPALLING STATISTICS.

Since 1882 there have been 4,620 boys in this ward of the Cook County jail, many of them, I am sorry to say, for the third and fourth time, so that their faces have become quite familiar, and they recognize the teacher as an old friend. In this state, according to the latest census, there are 8,270 minors in prison, 733 of these being between the ages of 12 and 15 years. These figures do not include those who are temporarily in the various jails of the state. The superintendent of the State Reform school at Pontiac says that fully 50 per cent. of the boys who get into trouble are within the pale of hope, a fact that certainly affords stimulus to earnest effort in their behalf.

Let it be remembered that a boy who is put in jail is corrupted, depraved, and injured for life—here and hereafter. Is he helped by being sent to the reform school? A thousand times no! There, instead of forty or fifty boys, there are hundreds. Cook county alone has over 100 all of the time. The lowest light in which one can survey this frightful question is that of economy, and to the tax payer let me appeal.

A DETENTION SCHOOL.

It costs a great deal more money to carry a boy through the jail, to the reform school, to the penitentiary, and perhaps to the scaffold than it does to save him from such a fate. If a building, or rooms, with the necessary locks and keys, and I must add bars also, but called "The Detention Manual Training school" of Cook county, were to be furnished by the county and well equipped in an inexpensive manner, so that these boys could be taught not only the simple but necessary English branches with this same moral training in a wise and brief manner and could at the same time learn a trade or part of a trade, so that on getting out they would not be obliged to steal to get something to eat and to wear, it would not only save many of them from a life of crime, but also be a financial saving to the county. Many of them have no homes, even of the poorest and meanest kind, and what place is open to them but their old haunts, and with them their old comrades? A trade of some kind is what is needed, for these boys are busy, active fellows, and are not unwilling to work.

If the county will help me in this matter the daily morning school shall cost them nothing. We have carried it on through all these years, and will continue to do so. This question is so important, relating as it does to the future men and women of the city, that I am sure of a kind consideration from the thinking and wise people of Chicago.—Adelaide B. Groves in Chicago Tribune.

### Ancient Roman Plank Roads.

The Prussian minister of education, Von Gossler, having learned that Professor F. Knoke had lately found traces of old Roman plank roads on the moor between Mehrholz and Bragel, not far from Diepholz, in lower Hanover, invited that gentleman to fully investigate the matter. He has just completed the task. He was able to trace the lines of two parallel plank roads right across the moor, presenting all those distinctive features which are found in Roman works of this kind. One of them shows evident signs of having been demolished by force, the boards, which were originally fastened with pegs to the bearers, having been violently torn away and buried in the bog to the right and left of the track.

The other road seems to have fallen into decay, but there are signs of repairs executed even during the Roman period; for in places boards have been found fastened over the original planks, the fashion of both being the same. Those repairs seem to have been carried out hastily, for in one place a mallet, employed probably to drive home the pegs, was found on the track, forgotten, no doubt, by the workmen. The local archaeologists feel assured that they have here the pontes longi which were used A. D. 15 by the Roman commander A. Cæcina in his retreat from Germany to the Ems.—Scientific American.

### Thought He Was in "Lunnon."

"Say, peeler, me boy, where am I?" asked a well dressed, middle aged man with a decided English accent, of Officer Ripple at Broadway and Thirtieth street last night.

He appeared to be dazed, as if recovering from long sleep.

"You are in New York," replied the policeman.

"That can't be, yer know," said the stranger. "I'm in London, and I want to go home, bobby."

The officer took the Englishman around to the Thirtieth street police station, where he told a strange story.

"My name is Henry Johnson," he said, "and I am 37 years old. The last thing I remember previous to accosting the officer was walking down Cheapside, in London, it seems only a few hours ago. I have no recollection of crossing the ocean, and I know no one in America."

Upon Mr. Johnson's person was found a letter dated London, Oct. 16, and addressed to "Henry Johnson, No. 40 Endymion Terrace, Finsbury Park, London."

It was from a lady and advised "Dear Henry" to stop drinking. Mr. Johnson grew restless and ill in the station, and he was sent to Roosevelt hospital. Capt. Reilly does not know what to think of his queer prisoner, whose strange story seems to be corroborated by his actions.—New York Morning Journal.


## Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Nov. 26, 1888.

5000 Dress Patterns! It will take days and days to pass them all out. When we take 40,000 or 50,000 yards of stuffs in a lump from a dealer who has too much, you may be sure the prices are interesting.

Dress Goods generally were never lower, but, taking them on the low level that prevails, 75 cents put into one of these Dress Patterns does the work of $1, or even more.

There would be less of the sensational in all this if the stuffs were off color in any way. They aren't. There isn't a wrong thing about them. First chop for style, weave, quality, dye. New goods of the best makes. And fine wool at that.

More than two hundred and twenty-five styles and colorings in just the weights and weaves you'd pick if you had the run of a dozen counters. Some of the sorts:

Plaids
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Checks
Foules
Ottomans
Momie Cloths
Serge Stripes
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Armure Stripes
Chevron Stripes, ⅛ to ¾ inch.
Single Diagonals
Double Diagonals
Corded Checks, three sizes, self-color.

In all the going shades and black.

We cut the whole business into liberal Dress Patterns and let them go for three-quarters or less of the regular low-down piece price.

$5 worth for $3.75
$6 worth for $4
$6.75 worth for $4.50
$7.65 worth for $5.25
$8 worth for $6
$9 worth for $6.75

There are spots just as good all through Dress Goods. You may miss it if you don't see the 36 inch all-wool Plaids and Stripes at 50 cents. The lot is rounded full, the stuffs such as might well be a half more.

The best Black Silk-Warp Henriettas are as easy to tell as the best Broadcloth. Softness, quality, finish, evenness of shade—not one will be wanting. Best is always cheapest in the long run. Take a Priestley Silk-Warp for instance—finest of pure silk, choicest clip of Australian wool. They go to the dye in the natural gray; come out black of a uniform shade. You can exactly match such stuff years afterward. Ask for any number in the long line of these choicest Black Silk and Wools. They're all here.

Among the Black All-Wool Henriettas are some with extra heavy warp, made to our order. More body, weight and firmness to the goods. 46 inches wide, $1 to $1.50; lighter warp, 75c.

Almost everything in Paris Novelty Dress Stuffs is peculiar. Audacity with richness. One of the oddest of the lot shows a design as if a handful of match sticks had been flung over it. Ridiculous to think of, but quaintly taking after all. 7 shades, 40 in., $1.

A big part of the Basement is getting livelier all the time with advance notes of the Holiday hurrah. Of course it's where the Toys and Dolls and Games are gathered. Playthings, and study-things that have all the seeming of playthings. A little world of amusement for Children. It's as good as a circus for the little ones to look about there. Wonders in mechanical toys—sure-enough cars that run on the merest bits of track; trumpeters that trump, and all that.

Let the little bright eyes come with you; you'll feel younger and they'll feel cheerier for the treat.

The December BOOK NEWS, 112 pages, richly illustrated, will have complete lists of Holiday Books for big folks and little folks. You are likely to save $1 or more on every $5 you put into Christmas Books if you let BOOK NEWS help you. Can you do better with 5 cents?

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BRISTOL, P :


## THE LONDON "BOBBY."

### GOOD UNDER ORDERS, BUT A DUMMY UNDER RESPONSIBILITY.

**The London Policeman Wonderfully Civil and Naturally Obliging—Anecdotes of the Force—Something in a Name—Timidity and Indecision.**

The London policeman is by no means a bad sort of fellow. On the contrary, he is wonderfully civil and obliging, and his natural desire to please is stimulated by a small "tip." Every stranger who visits London will carry away with him grateful recollections of the kindness and courtesy of London policemen in showing him how to find his way through the intricate thoroughfares of that great human hive.

The system employed by those who control the London police makes of them machines. Implicit obedience to their superiors is the ideal of excellence. It is their business to obey, not to think. Give a London policeman orders and he will obey them to the letter. But put him in a position where he has to suggest orders for himself, where he has to act on his own judgment, and the weight of responsibility overwhelms him. He becomes a dummy. He shows up worst just where the New York policeman would be at his best.

WAITING FOR "HORDERS."

I remember once attending a political meeting where Leonard Courtney was to make an address. Mr. Courtney was a Liberal who had not gone over with Gladstone on the Irish question. Consequently he was not loved by those who had followed Gladstone's lead. When Mr. Courtney rose to speak three men, who obviously had no other object in view than to prevent him from speaking, mounted a form and at the top of their lungs shouted, "Turncoat! Turncoat! Turncoat!" Mr. Courtney could not contend against their combined capacity for noise. Uproar and confusion ensued. But the three obstructionists continued their shouting.

Standing near were a couple of policemen.

"Why don't you put those men out?" I asked one of them.

"We hain't got no horders to do it, sir," he replied.

"Why, a New York policeman would have them out in a jiffy."

"May be, sir, but this is a free country, sir, and hat a political meeting heverybody 'as a right to hexpress 'is hopinion, sir."

And he looked at me after a fashion which indicated that in his judgment he had shown the superiority of English institutions.

The upshot of the business was that after awhile the majority of those present came to the conclusion that patience had ceased to be a virtue, so they rushed the obstructionists out of the hall and hustled them down stairs at the risk of breaking their necks or limbs. And when they were out in the street the policemen arrested them for disorderly conduct.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

The London policeman is nicknamed by the street urchins "bobby." "Cheese it, the cop!" exclaim New York gamins when interrupted by the approach of some minion of the law. "Look out, 'ere comes the bobby, boys," is the language usually employed by mischief making London street arabs when a policeman looms up in their vicinity. There is a difference in these greetings, and the difference is in favor of the New York "cop." The "cop" is a much spryer individual than the "bobby," as the name would imply.

When the dynamite scare raged in London all the policemen were instructed to look out for dynamite, but they were also directed how to look out for it. I shall never forget the ludicrous spectacle presented at the entrance to Westminster abbey one Saturday afternoon in consequence of these orders. Saturday is a great day for country folk to visit the abbey, and every man, woman and child among them who carried a bundle that afternoon was made to submit its contents to the scrutiny of a policeman before being allowed to pass into the abbey. The spectacle of an officer of the law exhuming greasy packages of sandwiches, cake and pastry from the recesses of the capacious basket of some thrifty farmer's wife in order to discover if there was any dynamite there, was very funny.

"You don't really expect to find any dynamite that way, do you?" I asked one of them.

"No, sir," was the abashed reply, "I don't; but hit's horders, sir, and we 'as to hobey them."

TIMIDITY AND INDECISION.

Late one night I was approaching Blackfriar's bridge from the Surrey side. A small knot of people attracted my attention. A drunken Irish soldier and a woman were engaged in an altercation. He accused the woman of stealing his money, and when she denied it he kicked her.

"Come, now, move on, move on," said a policeman in tones of gentle exhortation.

"Why in thunder don't you arrest the brute?" I asked the policeman.

"Well, I don't like to do that. He might have some of his pals about and I might get hurt," the policeman replied.

After some further exhortation the brute was induced to move on, protesting, however, that he could lick all creation, and especially that portion of it that wore policemen's uniforms. He had not gone far when he fell foul of a companion, who was merely trying to get him home, and kicked him and belabored him unmercifully. Still the policeman merely exhorted him mildly to "move on!"

The feelings of a costermonger at length got the better of him and he exclaimed, "Blast my bleeding hoyes, hif I don't 'ave a go at you myself. Put hup your dukes now." The Irishman ran off at a great rate, but it was the costermonger, and not the policeman, who had put him to rout.—New York Herald.

### In the Streets of Tokio.

The streets of Tokio are not narrow like those of China or of the older parts of European cities. One is not jostled as he moves along them, and the crowd of slant eyed men and women clad in dressing gowns of all colors of the rainbow is a good natured one, and they laugh and bow low to each other as they meet. The Japanese back is elastic. The india rubber man at the circus would wear himself out in Japan, and the Japanese bowers seem to never get through. They salaam and salaam and the lower classes knock their heads against the earth as they go down on their knees in paying their respects to their superiors. It bothers one to be the recipient of so much attention, and the American feels his awkwardness when he attempts the Japanese bow. It is, however, not unpleasant, and with it all there is little servility and fawning. I am struck with the open, kindly expression of the Japanese face. They seem to treat travelers as brothers. They welcome them and are willing to concede that there are other good things outside of Japan. They are manly about it, and the only unpleasant thing is the curiosity which one excites among them. Whenever I walk along the streets of Tokio a crowd of men and boys follow me, and if I stop to buy I find that the street is soon blocked.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

### The Price of Gas in London.

Under the operation of a commendable law, the price of gas in London has fallen steadily. Two weeks ago the directors of the Gaslight and Coke company, by far the largest of the metropolitan companies, resolved to reduce the price on Jan. 1 to sixty-one cents per thousand. At the same time this company is paying dividends of about 13 per cent. The law permits the companies to raise their dividends in return for a reduction of the price to consumers.


*From Richmond, Va.—I sell a great deal of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and find that it gives better satisfaction than any other Cough Syrup.

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## Miscellaneous

# What is Catarrh

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder. But catarrh of the head is the most common, often coming on so gradually that it has a firm hold before the nature of the trouble is suspected. Catarrh is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with

**Impure Blood**

Its local symptoms are a sense of fullness and heat in the forehead, dryness in the nose and back part of the throat, and a disagreeable discharge from the nose. When the disease becomes chronic it is liable to develop into consumption. The eyes become inflamed and red, there is throbbing in the temples, ringing noises in the ears, headache, and sometimes loss of sense of smell and hearing.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the true remedy for catarrh. It attacks the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which, as it reaches the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, and ultimately cures the affection. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system and makes one feel as if made anew.

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Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50.

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## Miscellaneous

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BRISTOL, PA.

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White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

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These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

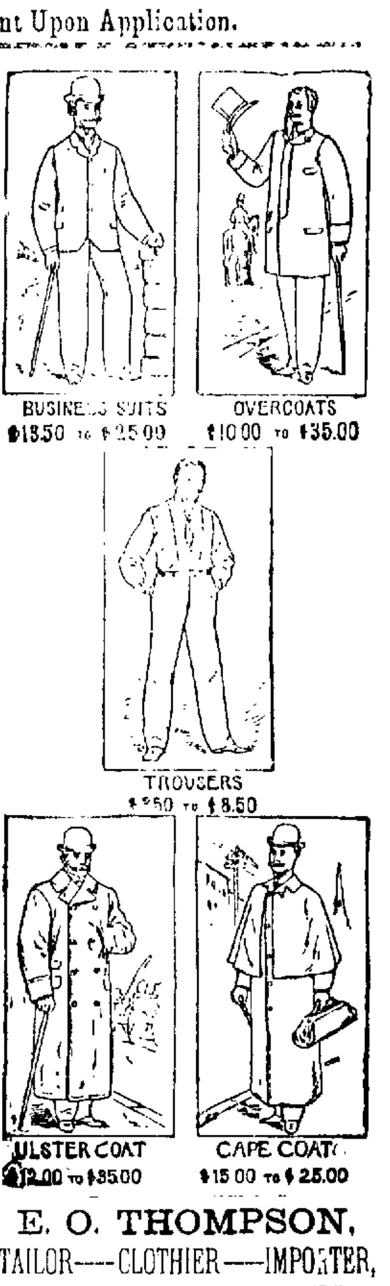
We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., Nov. 6, 1888.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier

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Which devotes special attention to the hitherto unpublished events of the great civil war. These war papers, written by Union and Confederate officers who saw what they tell, form an invaluable war library.

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Giving every week the brightest and best selections from recent poetry, and entertaining healthful stories by eminent writers.

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Giving full reports from the Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and other city markets. Prices and shipments of grain, live stock, provisions, groceries and country produce.

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Extending a helping hand to all women. To them is devoted a full page in which they show each other, under editorial guidance, "how to get married, and how to keep house," in the most approved fashion. For those who are forced to remain single and board, the way is made pleasant. Every woman reader has a chance to talk.

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With Winter games and entertainment for little people. Instruction in the ways of making things and doing things. Summer excursions to the fields and woods. Puzzles for the quick witted, and plenty of prizes to make the slow-witted quick.

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PROVISIONS, FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES.

Corner of Pond & Penn Streets.

BRISTOL, PA



NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

# The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1888.


## EVILS OF IMMIGRATION.

American workingmen are naturally indignant at finding themselves supplanted by the hordes of Italians and Hungarians who are constantly arriving in this country, and who are willing to work for wages that would be entirely insufficient for the support of native laborers and their families in decency or comfort.

It is alleged, and such complaints are certainly just, that the men who are supplanting American citizens because they will work at lower rates, have no intention to make this country their permanent home. They do not renounce their allegiance to the government at home, they take no steps to become naturalized, they herd together in hovels where drunkenness is the rule and crimes are often perpetrated.

Some action is certainly necessary to prevent this irruption from Europe. These immigrants are undesirable from every point of view. They make bad neighbors. They can never be assimilated with our native population. They are unfit to exercise the privileges of citizenship. They do American labor irreparable injury. The Chinese are excluded by the most rigorous laws, although it is difficult to discover wherein such immigration is any more objectionable than that alluded to. In some respects the docile Chinaman is preferable to the quarrelsome and intemperate immigrant whose coming to our shores introduces a disturbing element of considerable power.

In obedience to the demand of public opinion all parties have insisted that the Chinaman must go. There should be a like agreement in the other case. The law against contract labor, which was intended to remedy the evil, is not effective, and it is apparent that more stringent legislation is necessary. The welfare of American labor and the peace of the community join in demanding that there shall be some measure adopted to prevent the rush of immigrants so alien to our country and its laws and institutions. Congress ought to act promptly at the coming session in order to prevent further mischief, in addition to that already accomplished. Worthy immigrants who come here to take upon themselves the duties of citizenship, ought to be welcomed. The other class ought to be excluded.—Norristown Herald.

THE Doylestown Democrat this week accuses the Republicans of this Congressional district with buying up a lot of Democrats to vote for Congressman Yardley. We had supposed that Democrats were incorruptible, but the editor of the Democrat has, perhaps, better opportunities for knowing the qualities of members of his own party than outsiders.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—A. J. Hibbs has sold to Mrs. Johanna Hoeling for $1500 a frame house on Locust street.

—The annual meeting of the Bristol Building Association will be held on next Monday evening.

—S. W. Groff has purchased the building on Mill street adjoining his grocery store, from J. Merrick Brown for $5,250.

—The American party cast just 24 votes for Presidential electors in the state of Pennsylvania. That party has plenty of room to grow.

—In order to give the GAZETTE employees an opportunity to enjoy their Thanksgiving dinners the GAZETTE is issued several hours sooner than customary.

—The Junior Order of United American Mechanics and their invited guests will hold an oyster supper and have a dance at Mohican Hall on Thanksgiving evening.

—The proprietors of a majority of the grocery stores of Bristol have agreed among themselves to close their stores at 8 o'clock in the evening except on Friday and Saturday evenings.

—The Yardley Pioneer Corps have reorganized and expect to keep up a permanent organization. The next meeting will be held on Monday night at the Young Republican Club rooms at 8 o'clock, at which all the members are requested to be present.

—Mrs. Eleanor Dickerson has instituted an action against Samuel C. Eastburn, of Langhorne, for "prosecution without probable cause," or in other words, a malicious prosecution. This grows out of a charge brought against Mrs. Dickerson in our county court for selling cider to intemperate men on Sunday, &c., in which case the grand jury found "no true bill."—Enterprise.

—The standard dramatic company opened a week's engagement at the Bristol Opera House on last Monday evening. "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was presented on Monday night, and "The Danites" on Tuesday night. At the matinee this afternoon "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" will be given, and to-night "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On Friday evening "The Felon's Wife" will be presented. On Saturday matinee "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be given and a double bill at night, when will be represented "Falsely Accused" and "The Vagabond." School children will be admitted to the matinees for 10 cents.

—The Bristol Lodge of the Order of Tonti will give an excellent musical and literary entertainment at the Bristol Opera House on Wednesday evening. The programme consist of music by a Philadelphia quartette; readings and recitations by Miss Imogene Chandler, cornet solos by master J. C. Fuhs, a musical prodigy only 12 years of age, and an address by Prof. F. F. Christine, Professor of Political Economy of the Boys High School, Philadelphia. There is no charge for admission, but that good order may be secured tickets of admission will be issued which can be obtained from any member of the lodge.

—The third annual meeting of the Merchants and Mechanics Building Association was held on Tuesday evening. The secretary's report showed the net assets to be $40.065.29. The value of each share in the first series is $39.38, and of the second series $10.40½. The withdrawal value of each share in the first series is $37.75. The total number of shares is 1116, of which 982 are in the first series and 134 in the second. The same board of directors and the same officers were re-elected. The secretary's salary was increased to $150 per year, and the treasurer's to $75. At the directors' meeting six loans were sold to Ferdinand Seneca at 28 cents monthly premium per loan, and three to Mrs. Salina Ardrey at 15 cents monthly premium.

## BUCKS COUNTY DOCTORS.

The physicians of Bucks county belonging to the Bucks County Medical Society held the 40th anniversary of the formation of their society at Doylestown, on Thursday last. There were fifty doctors in attendance. The business meeting commenced at 10 o'clock A. M. The old officers were re-elected, viz.: Dr. H. Pursell, of Bristol, President; Dr. W. E. Doughty, Hartsville, Secretary; Dr. F. Swartzlander, Treasurer. Three new members were placed on the rolls. The next quarterly meeting will be held at Quakertown.

The afternoon session was devoted to the reading of papers, as follows: "Sketch of the Society," Dr. J. B. Walter; "Forty Years of Medicine," Dr. Joseph Foulke; "Forty Years of Surgical Retrospect," Dr. Frank Swartzlander; "Some Prominent Deceased Doctors," Dr Joseph Thomas. Address by Prof. Pancoast, of Philadelphia Medico-Chirurgical College. A paper prepared by Dr. J. N. Richards, of Fallington, "The Outlook," was, owing to the lateness of the hour, not read.

The meeting is pronounced to have been the most interesting and profitable one ever held by the society.

—Steps are being taken for the re-organization of the Livingston mills. After the first of January the plant will be owned and operated by a corporation to be known as "The Livingston Woolen Company." The capital invested is $325,000. The management of the mill will be in the charge of Joshua Peirce. The application for a charter is made by William M. Coates, Edward Mellor, David Scull, George H. Sheble and Paul Jagode.

To show how near home the tariff question came to the people of Bristol, it is only necessary to say that this action was deferred until the result of the election was ascertained. If Cleveland had been re-elected and the Democrats theory of reducing the tariff on woolen goods been endorsed by the people, this mill, in common with many others, would have closed down, and a number of people obliged to seek some other means of livlihood. But the election of a Republican administration foreshadows that American industries are to be properly protected from the competition of foreign goods, and new life in manufactures will be the inevitable result.

This means a great deal for Bristol. It is pre-eminently a manufacturing town. When the mills here make money the town's prosperous and booming. A prosperous season puts its impress upon every business in the town. When trade lags, and the mill owners can find no market for their goods, the result is only partial employment for the operatives and a corresponding reduction in the amount of wages received.

If there is any town in the United States that should rejoice in the results of the recent election that town is Bristol.

—Special legislation will be asken for in New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania to protect the shad fishery and to revise the law relative to the opening and closing of the season. It will be asked that a season be established for sturgeon fishing, and for protection against the numerous "baskets" which are placed in the Delaware and which catch fish in such large quantities.

## A HISTORY OF BRISTOL'S PHYSICIANS.

BY WILLIAM KINSEY.

There is no record that gives any account of the names of the first physicians who practiced medicine in Bristol. I have heard my grandparents, who were amongst the early settlers, speak of Dr. John Abraham de Normandie practicing in their early days, and said he was their family physician. They spoke of him as a man of distinguished ability. He emigrated with his father from Geneva, in the year 1706, and settled in Bristol. They were descendants of a distinguished family in France, and being Huguenots fled to America to escape persecution. Their remains lie in the Episcopal graveyard, Bristol. An interesting account of the family is given in Davis' History of Bucks county. He was supposed to be the first regular physician that settled in the county.

Dr. Wm. McIlvain practiced as early as 1748. He was a brother of Bishop McIlvain and had an extensive practice; he also had a brother Joseph, who held a commission in the British army. His father sent him to Edinburg to finish his education. His remains lie in the Episcopal graveyard, Bristol.

Dr. Wm. Hewston practiced previous to the Revolutionary war, removed to Philadelphia, and became one of the prominent physicians of the city.

Dr. Joseph P. Minick practiced as early as 1770. He was the founder of the Bath Springs, and built the large bath house in 1807 for the accommodation of his patients who came from all parts of the country for the benefit of the chalybeate water, which in that day was considered the best for curing diseases of any mineral water that had yet been discovered in the country. Bristol in that day became a great resort for invalids from all parts (even from the West Indies), who professed to have been cured by the use of the waters. The Doctor sold the property and removed to Ohio.

Dr. Amos Gregg came to Bristol from Middletown previous to the year 1800. He was considered a reliable physician and had an extensive and successful practice. He built the house now belonging to R. Trudgon, in Mill street, which was then the largest and finest mansion in the borough. He was several times elected to the office of Councilman and Chief Burgess, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility. His practice amongst Friends, of which society he was a member, was very extensive. He died in 1817, having accumulated a large amount of property.

Dr. John S. Mitchell studied medicine under Dr. Wilson of Buckingham; came to Bristol in 1817, married a Bristol lady and practiced about a year, and then moved to Hulmeville, where he had a large practice. He was frequently called upon to consult with physicians in the neighborhood in extreme and dangerous cases. He was looked upon as a man of more than ordinary abilities; though slow in his movements he was generally successful in his practice. In 1840 he moved to Cape May county, N. J., and shortly after died there.

Dr. Henry Desborough came to Bristol from Philadelphia about the year 1800. He brought testimonials from the Humane Society of having restored to life a boy who was drowned in the Schuylkill after being in the water three quarters of an hour. He was a man of fine appearance and of excellent elementary education, was considered the best surgeon in the county and had nearly all the practice in that line. He was fond of good horses, kept a pack of hounds, and was prominent in the sports of his day. He was fond of a good joke and played many on the boys who came under his treatment whom he suspected of robbing his fruit trees. On one occasion a boy suspected of stealing his plums went to his office to have a tooth extracted. The doctor seated him, applied the forceps, then with his arm around his head to keep him from getting away he gave them a twist, when the boy gave a yell—another twist and another yell, the boy struggling to get away. The Doctor said, "You are the boy who stole my plums!" When he promised to do so no more, he drew the tooth and the boy went out the office breathing threatenings against the doctor. He remained unmarried until about two years previous to his death, which took place in 1823. He was greatly respected by the people for his liberality towards the poor.

Dr. John Phillips was born in Lawrenceville, N. J., in 1790, studied medicine with Dr. Smith in New Brunswick, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and came to Bristol in 1812 and began the practice of medicine. He was a man of fine personal appearance, being over six feet in height. He married Deborah, daughter of Dr. Amos Gregg, who for many years was one of the leading physicians of the borough. She was a lady of refinement and noted for her benevolence. Dr. Phillips was highly educated in the science of medicine and was eminently successful in clinical practice. As a physician he obtained great distinction, devoting himself with unremitting zeal for nearly a half century to the duties of a very extensive practice, during which he was called upon to treat cases of unusual character. During the epidemic that prevailed in Bristol and vicinity in 1823, which baffled the efforts of physicians in their treatment of its victims, so alarming was its effects upon the people that the Board of Health with many physicians from Philadelphia, visited Bristol to make examinations into the character and effects on its victims. During the prevalence of the disease, for upwards of four weeks, the Doctor's practice extended into the townships of Bensalem, Middletown, Falls, Morrisville and Bristol. Great was the joy of the people when the epidemic passed away, the cause of which was never satisfactorily accounted for. The Doctor made as many as sixty visits in twenty-four hours. He was frequently called upon to consult with physicians in extreme cases. He was positive in his convictions, and had no sympathy with any man who practiced medicine under any other diploma than that issued by the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. He held many offices of honor and trust in the borough and under the General Government, succeeded in securing a large amount of property from his practice, and died in 1851 in the 72d year of his age, greatly lamented. The Doctor treated a case during his practice that gave him great prominence in the higher circles of society. Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of the great Napoleon, who possessed successively the crowns of Naples and Spain, whilst living in his splendid mansion at Point Breeze, N. J., in making a visit to his friend, Major Lenox, residing in Bristol, was accidentally thrown from his carriage opposite the Coates' farm (now D. Landreth & Sons), and was seriously injured. The Doctor had been visiting his patients near Tullytown, and returning he overtook the ex-King who was sitting by the roadside unable to arise. He lifted him into his buggy and drove to the Delaware House. Under the Doctor's treatment he recovered so as to be able to return home the same evening. A day or two afterwards the Doctor received a letter from the Count in which was enclosed a $100 note, with thanks for the kindness he had received. Shortly after another remembrance came—a beautiful steel engraved likeness of the great Napoleon, handsomely framed, which is now in the possession of one of the Doctor's grandchildren.

Dr. Henry Lippincott came to Bristol about the year 1838. He taught school in the Friends' Meeting House a year or more, and then commenced the study of medicine with Dr. John Phillips. After graduating he remained in Bristol a short time, then removed to Fallsington, where, after many years of successful practice, he died.

Dr. Sommers came to Bristol in 1823 from Philadelphia, to attend the patients of Dr. Desborough, who was taken sick and died in September of that year. Shortly after he bought the property occupied by Dr. Desborough and commenced practice. Although considered a good physician he did not succeed, and after a residence of five or six years returned to Philadelphia.

Dr. Samuel McClellan came to Bristol in 1824. He practiced here about two years and returned to Philadelphia, where he built up a good practice. He was greatly admired for the genial manner in which he met his patrons. He died in the prime of life, leaving a large circle of friends to mourn the loss of a young man who bid fair to be a valuable acquisition to the medical fraternity. He was a brother of the widely known and celebrated surgeon George B. McClellan. During his short stay in Bristol he had a case of accidental shooting which the physicians said was very skilfully and successfully managed. A guard on one of the mail coaches between Philadelphia and New York, in dismounting from his seat accidentally discharged his pistol, one ball entering his face below the eye and the other his neck. The Doctor extracted the ball from the neck and the man recovered. Some three years later the ball that entered his face was taken out of his throat.

Dr. Edward Swain was the son of Benjamin Swain, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of the county. He studied medicine with Dr. Phillips, graduated in 1833, commenced practice shortly after, became popular, and was generally successful in the treatment of his patients. But he, like a great many young men of promise, was suddenly cut off in the midst of life. On the 4th day of July, 1839, he accepted an invitation to take an excursion to Philadelphia on the steamboat Burlington. Shortly after the boat left Burlington she was run into by the steamer Pilot Boy. The Doctor being in a side room at the time was crushed to death and fell into the river. It was many days before his body was recovered. Thus died a young man of bright prospects, leaving a widow and three children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father.

Dr. Wm. Bessonett was a son of John Bessonett, who kept the Delaware House for upwards of forty years. He studied medicine with Dr. John Phillips in 1823. After his graduation he practiced two years in Bristol when he emigrated to New Albany, Miss., through the persuasion of a resident of that place, where he succeeded in securing a good practice. He is still living.

*To be continued.*

### A Paper Loyal and True.

New York City, with its suburbs, now forms a great center of population, amounting in all probability to over 2,500,00. It might be a Republican city in a few years, with steady fighting and straight voting, because it is now the largest manufacturing center in the United States; but at present it is heavily Democratic. The pecuniary influence of importing and trading elements in the metropolis has prompted every other old newspaper there to abandon the defense of American interests and to assail the policy by which the welfare of American labor is promoted; but the Tribune has remained loyal and true, and has earnestly represented the convictions of the great majority of voters in the loyal North during the Presidential campaign. To its remarkable work in arousing the minds of the people, a generous share of the great victory of November 6th is undoubtedly due. The Tribune is a useful, able, and interesting national paper. Among its special features the past year have been energetic agitations in favor of better protection to farmers, a service pension to Union veterans, and the right of every American to a good living undisturbed by foreign competition. These will all be continued. The Tribune office produces one of the best family papers in the country, and it is largely taken, even by Democrats, for its excellence in this respect. There is no better all-round general newspaper published. Its prospectus will be found in another column. New readers get the paper until January 1, 1890.

—James A. Bradley the founder of Asbury Park, is an enthusiastic Republican. He promised the Young Men's Republican Club that in the event of Harrison's election he would charter a special train and take the Club to the inauguration in March next. He is now arranging to fulfill his promise and nearly three hundred Asbury Park Republicans will take the trip to the national capital.

*A great many remedies are advertised to bring them before the public, who decides whether the article is good or bad. The good reputation which Dr. Bull's Baby Syruy enjoys is a standing guarantee of its merits. Price only 25 cents.

Laxador is the sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and all digestive disorders. Price 25 cents a package. For sale by all druggists.

### Salary List Book of United States Officials.

Houghtaling's Salary List Book of United States Officials, contains 128 closely printed pages, and gives the salary of about every United States official. Just the book every Republican now wants, and every voter should have a copy. There are also four pages which give the salary and term of office of governors of every State and territory, the State capitals, election returns, etc. Is in pocket form and bound in red leather covers. Price twenty-five cents. Send for a sample copy. Send to any part of the United States on receipt of price. One or two cent postage stamps may be sent in payment. Agents wanted. Large commissions allowed. Address, Chas. E. Houghtaling, publisher, No. 70 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

### Notice.

The annual meeting of the Bristol Building Association will be held in the Town Hall on Monday evening, December 3d, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of hearing the annual report, the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may arise.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Secretary.

### Fatal Neglect.

The breaking of the smallest wheel in a mammoth factory, if not repaired or replaced, will ruin the entire plant, as a speck of dust will derange the delicate machinery of a watch. Were people as thoughtful to repair their broken health on the first approach of disease, as the owner is to mend his machinery, they would escape indescribable suffering, and often death. Slight causes will sometimes derange the digestive organs, on whose healthy action the health of the whole system so much depends, and feverish blood, headaches, and consumption itself, set in. The wise person will at once arrest the cause of these unhealthy symptoms, resorting to that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which purifies the blood and cures liver disease. Of all druggists.

### The Worst Nasal Catarrh,

no matter of how long standing, is absolutely cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It does not merely give relief, but produces permanent cures in the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

*I suffered from a very severe cold in my head for months and used everything recommended but could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known. Feeling grateful for what it has done for me I send this testimonial.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh. One bottle cured me.—S. A. Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

### MARRIED.

DOWNEY—BARNES—At St. James' Church, Bristol, Pa., November 27, 1888, by Rev. W. L. Kolb, Mr. James F. Downey and Miss Rebecca B. Barnes, both of Colorado.


# ROYAL

# BAKING POWDER

## Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.


### Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of December, A. D. 1888, by William M. Coates, Edward Mellor, David Scull, George H. Sheble and Paul Jagode, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Livingston Woolen Company," the character and object of which is the manufacturing and selling textile fabrics of wool, cotton and other materials, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

B. F. GILKESON, Solicitor.

November 29, 1888.

### AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court for the county of Bucks, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of Oliver Allen, acting administrator of the estate of Sarah Headley, deceased, to and amongst the persons entitled thereto according to law, hereby gives notice to all persons interested, that he will meet them on Saturday, the Twenty-second day of December, A. D. 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., at his office in the borough of Bristol, in said county, to attend to the duties of his appointment. ANTHONY SWAIN, Auditor.

November 28, 1888.

## A GREAT MAGAZINE.

### The Century for 1889.

THE question has often been asked, "to what does *The Century* owe its great circulation?" *The Christian Union* once answered this by the statement that "it has been fairly won, not by advertising schemes, but by the excellence which characterizes it in every department." In their announcements for the coming year the publishers state that it has always been their desire to make *The Century* the one indispensable periodical of its class, so that whatever other publication might be desirable in the family, *The Century* could not be neglected by those who wish to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to culture. And the unprecedented circulation of the magazine would seem to be the response of the public to this intention.

With the November number *The Century* begins its thirty-seventh volume. Two great features of the magazine which are to continue throughout the new volume are already well known to the public, the Lincoln history and the papers on "Siberia and the Exile System." The first of these, written by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, President Lincoln's private secretaries, contains the inside history of the dark days of the war, as seen from the White House.

THE SIBERIAN PAPERS,

by George Kennan, are attracting the attention of the civilized world. The Chicago *Tribune* says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." As is already known, copies of *The Century* entering Russia have these articles torn out by the customs officials on the frontier.

DURING 1889

*The Century* will publish the most important art feature that has yet found place in its pages. It is the result of four years' work of Mr. Timothy Cole, the leading magazine engraver of the world, in the galleries of Europe, engraving from the originals the greatest pictures by the old masters. A series of papers on Ireland, its customs, landscapes, etc., will appear, and there are to be illustrated articles on Bible scenes, treating especially the subjects of the International Sunday-School Lessons. George W. Cable will write "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana." There will be novelettes and short stories by leading writers, occasional articles on war subjects (supplemental to the famous "War Papers" by General Grant and others, which have been appearing in *The Century*), etc., etc.

*The Century* costs four dollars a year, and it is published by The Century Co., of New York, who will send a copy of the full prospectus to any one on request.

*ONE FACT—Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Pure Black Pepper, ground with stems out, 40 cents a pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

### A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the fall and winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

*SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists.'

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

*Dr. Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN BRISTOL.—Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free. Large size 50c and $1.

*BRINGING GLADNESS to millions, pleasing their palates and cleansing their systems, arousing their Livers, Kidneys, Stomachs, and Bowels to a healthy activity. Such is the mission of the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. John K. Young 55 Bath street, Bristol.

FOR SALE Two three-story houses seven rooms each on Linden street, new, well built convenient and cheap, easy terms. Apply to F. P. CRICHTON, 80 Mill street.

## New Publications

THE GRANDEST

MUSICAL and LITERARY

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE SEASON

Will be given under the auspices of

Bristol Lodge, No. 16, Order of Tonti,

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 5, 1888,

At the Opera House.

Look at the following array of talent:

Miss JENNIE McKEOWN, Soprano, Miss CLARA WEBER, Contralto, Dr. C. GARRISON WHITE, Tenor, Mr. GEORGE Q. SPIEL, Basso. } Philadelphia Quartette.

Miss IMOGENE CHANDLER, Elocutionist.

Master J. C. FUHS, Boy Cornetist.

Oration by Prof. F. F. CHRISTINE, Professor of Political Economy, Boys' High School, Philadelphia.

Tickets may be obtained of the Committee—N. Morgan Stephen, J. B. Yost, W. H. P. Hall, Enoch M. Eldridge, W. Taylor Potts, M. D., John K. Young, or any member of the Lodge—free of charge.

Bristol Opera House.

Monday Evening, December 3d.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

PROF. E. C. PEARSON'S

# Female Minstrels

FUN AND AMUSEMENT!

POPULAR PRICES.

General Admission, 10 Cents.
Reserved Seats, 5c. Extra.

—THE—

# New York Tribune

CONGRATULATES

**Every American Farmer, Wage-earner and Business Man, the Union Volunteers, the Settlers of the Western Territories, every Young Man and Woman, the Freedmen of the South, our American Fishermen and Shipbuilders, and the Whole People generally on the**

SALVATION OF THEIR WELFARE,

which was won at the polls on November 6th. In the prosperity, which is likely to follow, the men of both parties will share; but to the Republican voters, workers and press is due the credit.

During General Harrison's administration THE TRIBUNE will continue to advocate the great measures of public policy with which its name is identified. Great responsibilities now rest, not only on the new administration, but on the Republican party and press, with reference to shaping legislation so as to give practical effect to the will of the people. It is no time now for farmers, wage-earners, Union veterans and others, whose interests have been imperilled by an administration of free-traders and rebel brigadiers, to relax their interest in public affairs and let things take their course. On the contrary, it would seem to be the duty of all voters to co-operate earnestly in the advancement of measures undertaken in their behalf, and to lend their support to great newspapers, which are doing original and aggressive work to promote their welfare.

It is conceded by the entire country that THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE has initiated a great variety of the valuable and successful popular discussions of the past year. Its labor for the farmers (not yet half-finished) has been aggressive and effective. Its great exposure of the sham "reform" of the Cleveland administration was crushing and final; no attempt was made to answer it. Its position on Temperance brought back numerous third party voters to the Republican ranks. Its broadsides on the tariff and other questions have done much to prove, beyond question, that the Republican party is the best friend of the poor people of the country and of the settlers of the Western Territories. It fixed beyond controversy the responsibility for the defeat of much needed pension legislation in Congress. On many other important questions THE TRIBUNE did loyal and successful work. It undertook, for the sake of the cause, many important, laborious and far-reaching tasks, involving immense research, and useful in setting in quicker motion the forces which won the victory. Its course in the future may be judged by the past.

THE TRIBUNE is not exclusively devoted to politics. It is a general newspaper, presenting the news of the world in each issue, together with fiction, miscellany, matters "for the Home Circle" and for "Young Folks," with excellent and accurate market reports, book reviews, and foreign correspondence, and two pages a week on Agriculture. For the family it is absolutely unexcelled among newspapers.

**Subscription Rates**—Weekly, $1 a year; extra copy with every five. Semi-Weekly, $2 a year; extra copy with every five. Daily, $9 50 a year. Sunday TRIBUNE, $2. New subscribers receive the paper until January 1, 1890.

**Premiums**—1. Waverly Novels, complete in 6 volumes. 2. Cooper's fascinating Leather Stocking Tales, 6 vols. 3. Irving's Life of Washington. 4. Ten one-dollar books, any one of which is sent for two subscribers, viz.: Essays of Lord Bacon; Edgar A. Poe's Tales; French Revolution, by Carlyle; Great Generals by Great Authors; Poems of Sir Walter Scott; Greek Mythology; Don Quixote; Arabian Nights; Robinson Crusoe; and Swiss Family Robinson. 5. Winchester Hunting Rifle, breech loading. 6. Remington breech loading Shot gun. 7. New York Tribune's History of the United States and Pocket Atlas of the World. 8. The Tribune's great Book of Open Air Sports. 9. Wood's Household Medicine. 10. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. 11. Waltham Watch. Send for circular describing them in full.

**LIBRARY OF TRIBUNE EXTRAS.**

Every year THE TRIBUNE prints an Almanac and Index and several bound "Extras." It is proposed now to systematize the publication of these Extras and to issue them regularly, once a month, 12 numbers per year. The Almanac will be issued in its old form, only with new, valuable and extensive additions to the contents, the number for 1889, by the way, containing complete returns of the Presidential election. The other numbers will be made up with pages of about monthly magazine size. There will be one or two numbers, per year, devoted to the latest ideas in "knitting and crochet." Several will contain complete novels. Others will be made up of entertaining features of special and permanent value relating to Science, Society, Literature, Politics, etc. Single copies 25 cents. Price, per year, for the 12 numbers, $2.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

RAG and COTTAGE CARPETS

MADE BY

JAMES E. SMITH, 65 Lafayette Street.

Orders called for and delivered without extra charge.

## New Advertisements

Bristol Opera House

Engagement for ONE WEEK ONLY,

Commencing November 26th,

of the Celebrated

STANDARD DRAMATIC CO.,

Presenting those Young and Gifted Artistes,

THE BRADFORD SISTERS,

Sophia and Eva,

Supported by the Popular and Talented Actor,

JOSEPH T. FANNIN,

And a Company of acknowledged merit in the following brilliant repertoire:

THE FELON'S WIFE, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, THE DANITES, HAZEL KIRKE, PINK DOMINOS, THE VAGRANT, TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

Change of bill nightly. MATINEE Saturday.

GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Popular Prices—10—20—30 cents.

Reserved Seats at Bristol News Agency.

# New York World.

CIRCULATION FOR 1888

OVER 100,000,000 COPIES.

**How Its Circulation Has Grown:**

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|---|---|
| 1882 | 8,151,157 |
| 1883 | 12,242,548 |
| 1884 | 28,519,785 |
| 1885 | 51,241,367 |
| 1886 | 70,126,041 |
| 1887 | 83,389,828 |
| 1888 (over) | 100,000,000 |

THE WEEKLY WORLD

—IS THE—

BEST AND BIGGEST NEWSPAPER

On the North American Continent.

12 LARGE PAGES AND 84 LONG COLUMNS.

APOPULAR NOVEL

PUBLISHED IN AND GIVEN WITH EACH ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY EDITION.

The following Novels were published in one quarter. The list will show the class of Novels given weekly:

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| The Little Old Man of the Batignolles | Gaborian |
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| It Is the Law | Willson |
| Miawa's Revenge | Haggard |
| A Woman's Love | Braeme |
| Mignon's Secret | Winter |
| Poor Zeph | Robinson |
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ONE YEAR (52 NUMBERS), $1.00.
SIX MONTHS (26 NUMBERS), 50c.
THREE MONTHS (13 NUMBERS), 25c.

Send postal for specimen copy.

**Agents Wanted at Every Post-Office.**

Address

THE WORLD, New York.

ADJOURNED ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks county, will be sold on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1888, at 2 o'clock, p.m., on the premises, situate in Falls township, Bucks county, Pa., all that House and lot of Land situate on the Philadelphia and Trenton Turnpike, in Falls township, aforesaid, containing 32 2-10 perches of land adjoining lands of William Dettrich and and estate David L. Way, deceased, and being the premises lately occupied by Thomas Booth, now deceased.

The improvements consist of a good 2½ story frame dwelling house, 16x28 feet, with 2 rooms on the first floor, 3 rooms and entry on second floor, with garret over head, and cellar under the house and frame kitchen attached, with pump of good water therein. The kitchen is 11x12 feet. Porches both front and back. There is also on the place a frame barn 24x16 feet, with stabling for 2 horses, also wood shed, chicken house, hog pen and all the necessary out-buildings. Plenty of good fruit trees upon the place. This property is in a good location and is well worth the attention of purchasers. Sale positive. Conditions made known on day of sale by

WILLIAM WISE,
Administrator of Thomas Booth, deceased.

### An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE GRANTING OF A LICENSE FOR THE BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE, WHICH IS ALSO APPLICABLE TO ANY OPERA HOUSE OR THEATRE THAT MAY BE BUILT AFTER THIS DATE.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That the owner and manager of the building formerly known as the Bristol Skating Rink; and now as the Bristol Opera House, shall pay an annual license of Fifty Dollars ($50 00); and that this ordinance shall be applicable to any theatre or opera house that may be erected hereafter in the Borough of Bristol, the said license to go into effect October 1st, 1888. The said license fee to be paid in semi-annual payments, in advance, as follows: One-half the whole amount January 1st, the balance July 1st, in each year.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of Bristol Borough, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1888.

W. H. GRUNDY, Burgess.
Attest: J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

### An Ordinance

FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION OF SHADE TREES AND PUBLIC PROPERTY AGAINST MALICIOUS ABUSE.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That any person or persons who may be convicted before any justice of the peace of the Borough of Bristol of any malicious mischief, or injury of any kind whatsoever, to any of the shade trees or public property on the footways of the Borough aforesaid, or elsewhere in said Borough, shall forfeit and pay a sum of Fifty Dollars ($50 00), to be sued for and recovered as debts of like amount are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall be paid over to the Treasurer of the Borough for use of said corporation.

That all ordinances and parts of ordinances conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of Bristol Borough, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1888.

W. H. GRUNDY, Burgess.
Attest: J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

## Legal Advertisements

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of WILLIAM WARDMAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SUSAN B. WARDMAN, Administratrix,
or A. WEIR GILKESON, her attorney.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of ROBERT T. TODD, late of Bristol Township, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

AUGUSTUS R. TODD, Executor.
or A. WEIR GILKESON, his Attorney.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of SARAH ANN BOGERT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDWARD H. FOSTER, Executor.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of MARTHA NIRK, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES BUCKMAN, Executor,
S. E. cor. 8th & Green sts., Philadelphia.
or A. WEIR GILKESON, his att'y.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of WILLIAM DEMRY, late of Falls township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

THOMAS C. IVINS, Administrator,
or B. F. GILKESON, his att'y. Tullytown, Pa

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of ISAAC IVINS, late of Bristol borough Bucks county, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

SARAH A. IVINS, HORACE F. IVINS, } Executors,
or B. F. GILKESON, their att'y.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of JOSEPH A. MARTIN, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.*

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

CATHARINE H. MARTIN, Executrix,
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney.

### An Ordinance

AUTHORIZING THE BRISTOL ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY TO ERECT AND MAINTAIN POLES IN THE STREETS, LANES, AND ALLEYWAYS OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, AND TO PLACE WIRES THEREON:

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this ordinance, the Bristol Electric Light and Power Company be, and they are hereby authorized and empowered to erect and maintain poles in the streets, lanes and alleyways of the Borough of Bristol, and to place wires thereon, for the purpose of supplying electric light or power to such persons as may desire the same.

Provided, however, that the erection of the said poles shall be under the supervision of the Street Committee. And provided further, that the Burgess and Council shall at all times hereafter have the right to use the said poles for police and fire alarm purposes.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 30th day of October, A. D., 1888.

F. FENIMORE, President.
Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts., Bristol, and Second & Furman Sts., Trenton.

THREE STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates,

Rib Roast, 12c. lb. Round Steak, 2 lb. for 25c. Mutton Chops, 11c. lb. Stewing Meat, 6, 8, 10c. Gilbert's Sausage and Scrapple.

THE MISSES CABEEN

WILL RE-OPEN THEIR SCHOOL

Wednesday, September 19, 1888.

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. RADCLIFFE & WALNUT STS.

READ

THIS!

Upper Lehigh

—AND—

Lattimer

# COAL

Of all sizes and best qualities.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets, BRISTOL, PA.,

Near the Rolling Mill.

### ESTATE NOTICE.

*Estate of JANE BRODNAX, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.*

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MARGERY ANNA BRODNAX,
CHARLES WILFRED BRODNAX,
Administrators,
or to J. C. STUCKERT, their att'y.

## Miscellaneous


# Rumford

YEAST POWDER,

"The Old Reliable."

Restores to the flour the nutritious phosphates lost in bolting. No other powder does this. It is healthful and nutritious. Put up in bottles.


NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

# THAT LETTER.

THUS ran the written notice, penned too, in characters nearly approaching half-text, stuck up in one of the principal shops facing the main street: "Muffins and crumpets made to order."

The unimportant village of "Lammerton" lay somewhat far away from any town, and therefore did a fair amount of steady-going business on its own account. Foremost of all ranked the repository, or store, rented by Janet Lisle, in which she sold stationery, newspapers, the magazines of the day if duly ordered in time, besides a variety of useful odds and ends. She was also the village postmistress, and carried out the duties of her office with a marked regard to promptitude. In each of these pursuits, however, she was assisted by her pretty and also winsome niece, Elsie Falconbridge.

In all reality, Elsie was more mistress of the postal department, than Janet Lisle herself. It was she who ordinarily undertook the dispatch of that twice-a-day letter-bag, bestowing upon each missive previously the due official stamp mark. "Janet Lisle's right hand in fact," as everyone said. She, too, it was who made the muffins and crumpets which were so popular in the village that no one ever dreamt of having a tea party without also having "muffins and crumpets" to match.

"Oblige me with a two-cent stamp, Miss Falconbridge, won't you?" and a somewhat elderly man at that moment stared her full in the face—this necessarily, however—through the gap made in the wire network marking off the space allotted to the post-office department.

She handed him what he required.

"And a registered envelope, also," he said.

Again she had fulfilled his request.

"Thank you," and without more ado he deposited a twenty dollar note within the same.

"All right," he soliloquized, as old gentlemen are so fond of doing. "Come, that's done, at any rate," he added, in self-congratulatory tones.

Then came aloud, questioningly:

"In the letter-box—or shall I leave it with you?"

"You can leave it here, sir," answered Elsie, quietly.

Others were now coming in fast, demanding this and that, and in adopting a calm exterior lay her only chance of attending rightly to each petitioner.

Janet Lisle also was unusually busy that afternoon. Miss Veal, the richest old lady in the parish, gave a large tea-party that very evening, and muffins and crumpets were accordingly being sent off in startlingly large quantities.

"Is there any letter waiting for me to-day, please?" asked a somewhat timid voice a few minutes later on.

"No, Miss Josephine, nothing."

"I am sorry. Disappointing—is it not?"

The two speakers seemed fully to comprehend each other. There existed, apparently, a sort of pleasant sympathy between them.

Both were pretty. Both looked good, and also thoroughly in earnest. Only, that the assistant postmistress appeared full of brightness and life, and the girl now facing her wore the aspect of being tired of life already.

"Yes, very. I am sorry, too."

"Thank you. You are always kind. I will look in again to-morrow, if my doing so will not trouble you too much."

"Not at all, Miss Josephine."

The last-named was already moving away to make room for some one else. Elsie Falconbridge had, however, not yet completed her business with the late lawyer's daughter.

"Auntie," she whispered, "take my place here for a moment."

Janet Lisle nodded in assent.

"Do come in here an instant with me, won't you?" and Elsie signed that Miss Josephine should accompany her into the cozy back parlor, where all was now in readiness for tea. "The fact is, Miss Josephine, I've done the most stupid thing imaginable to-day—made a mistake, and prepared nearly twice the number of crumpets that will be wanted by anybody. Isn't it absurd of me? You won't mind—no, I'm sure you won't, Miss Josephine—helping me out of my trouble?"

"But how?" came, hesitatingly, in response. Then came—ah! so bravely, for it is ever difficult to tell the plain truth in such matters—"I can't. It's quite impossible. We have no money. Don't you understand?"

"Absurd!" was the interruption. "Why, it's a favor I'm asking you; don't you see? I knew you would be in to-day, for certain and would befriend me. It's only that I want you, if you don't mind the trouble, to carry home a dozen or so to your sweet mother. Many's the dozen she has ordered from us in the past, when, perhaps, we haven't been able to supply her. One can't forget that fact, you know, in a hurry. So there they are, Miss Josephine, all hot and ready buttered, for I don't think you would know how to do it yourself. You had better go out this way, by the side door, and then no one will be the wiser for the favor you've done me."

For one brief instant her worn, pale-faced companion had bent down impulsively and laid her own soft cheek against Elsie's, and the next, wholly unable to speak, she had disappeared.

* * * * * *

"A rather heavier mail-bag to-night than usual, wasn't it, Elsie?"

"Yes, aunt. Thank you for doing it up for me. At any rate, the registered letters did not occupy you a long while."

"No, child."

Meanwhile Elsie had been engaged in penning a dozen words or more upon a large sheet of letter-paper, and the following morning, side by side with the well-known "muffin and crumpet" statement, appeared the following:

"A young lady, clever and well-educated, desires at once a good morning or daily engagement as governess. Terms moderate. Excellent references. Apply for particulars within."

"All that advertising in the newspapers is only throwing money away," mused Elsie. "I'll manage things for her a little better in this way, perhaps. I shall never forget her miserable careworn face last evening."

Miss Josephine had, in a most explicable way, won the woman's entire sympathy, and also admiration, of Elsie. And yet the latter never seemed to forget the difference in station that she considered still existed between her favorite and herself. She only knew that the lawyer's daughter was a very model of sweet patience, and that she and all at home were as poor as any church-mouse.

II.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed little Bob Travers that morning, as the letters were brought in. "What shoals of letters! What a lot of governesses we shall have, mother! I do declare if it won't be just like an evening party."

"Hold your tongue, Bob!" urged his father peremptorily. "Leave the room."

Letters of importance had to be discussed, most of them bearing reference to what Bob had termed the "evening party."

Some applicants declared they were experienced, because middle-aged. Others asserted that they were young, and therefore generally regarded as having an attractive way with children; which latter statement was yet worse. The last-described young ladies would prove attractive in other ways and fall desperately in love with the quiet bachelor—Uncle Fred.

No, that wouldn't do at all and in a decided fit of ill-humor Bob's father threw the entire batch of letters into the fire.

As usual, when perturbed in mind, "mother" turned the current of conversation by addressing Uncle Fred.

"I wish, when passing Janet Lisle's to-day, you would ask for our magazines."

All was hurry-skurry, as usual, three or four hours later on in the post-office. A variety of small packages required immediate weighing; and it was at this very juncture that Uncle Fred placed his foot upon the threshold.

Something had, however, just caught his eye, and without more ado he beat a hasty retreat—not, however, to a great distance off.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated. "There! We have been hunting about all this while—and to what purpose? 'Particulars within,' Eh? Why, I'll go in at once and inquire."

Uncle Fred was a widower, and had, therefore, made his home of late years with his sister Polly's family. Anything, he thought, was better than living alone. He was rich, too, and a highly cultivated man, with a peculiar faculty also for engaging in the performance of kindly actions. Like the rest of the family, however, he had only lately come into the neighborhood.

"Will you excuse my troubling you about the notice in the window?"

Elsie started visibly an instant. Yes, of course. This was not the first occasion upon which she had seen that certainly striking face. Yesterday, of course, when he had sent off the registered letter.

But Elsie was instantly all attention.

Yes; she could tell him all he required to know—and did so, and even as she spoke, Elsie's eyes sparkled brightly and lovingly. She was doing now what it rejoiced her true woman's heart to venture upon—trying to help her favorite.

"And Miss Falconbridge thought that the young lady in question might be fully relied upon in her guidance of little children?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me! Yes—most certainly."

"You can give me her address?"

Elsie noted it down quickly upon a slip of paper.

Before the end of that certainly eventful day, Miss Josephine was engaged as daily governess in the family of Uncle Fred's sister, at the moderate salary of $200 a year.

III.

Some months have passed away since then. Kind Uncle Fred, that he ever is, has just appeared in the large, old-fashioned hall, and is assisting "Miss Josephine" in putting on her cloak previous to taking her departure for home. He, and "Sister Polly" also, are both made of good stuff, as folks say, and—Heaven bless them for it!—only wish to make them feel at home with them.

And for this reason, therefore, it seems that Uncle Fred not only, on this special evening, escorts her to the hall-door, but also a short distance on the road towards home.

As he says, the evening is so lovely, and the balmy outer air will do him good.

She is telling him—why, she does not exactly know—something about their troubles at home since "dear father" died.

She likes to talk of him even now, she says—not to be for ever silent about the one whom they had lost, as is the fashion with so many people.

Uncle Fred quite understands her, and agrees with her also; and yet, strange, perhaps, somewhat, on his part, he has never once referred, in thus chatting with her, to the one trouble that has served so sadly to shadow his own life. No; he only listens to her now, it seems.

"In fact, you know," went on "Miss Josephine," quite simply, "he had not even a penny left in the house. It was too dreadful, sir."

She paused a moment; then went on, in the least degree nervously:

"Shall I tell you what I did?"

"Yes."

"I advertised, then, in the county paper—don't be shocked, please. At any rate, I did it for the best—whether right or wrong, I don't quite know."

"Go on."

"I merely said, then, that a widow and her daughters—all born to better things, as it had seemed—were suddenly thrown into the lowest depths of poverty—and asked for help."

Uncle Fred gave a sort of slight nervous start at this moment, but "Miss Josephine" did not notice it. She was thinking only at that instant of the terrible struggle which had urged her to take such a step as that which she was now describing.

"And the result?" he asked, quietly. "What was it?"

"No answer came," she returned, gravely, but earnestly. "Possibly those who read the words did not believe in their truth; or possibly some did so who were not in a position to aid us; or it might be, did not care to."

"I see," and Uncle Fred spoke now, as if dreamily. "There! I must leave you, Miss Josephine. Very sorry for it—very sorry, indeed. Have just suddenly remembered something. You'll excuse my running away thus abruptly; won't you? Will be a trifle more courteous next time. Horribly hard-hearted of the people; wasn't it, Miss Josephine?" And thus talking glibly—as if, too, he did not exactly know what he was saying—Uncle Fred lifted his hat and disappeared.

The following Thursday morning, just as "Miss Josephine" was starting for her usual daily occupation, a letter was placed in her hand by the postman; after reading which, that young lady marched deliberately upstairs again, removed her hat and cloak, chased away with her pocket handkerchief a great many tears that for some reason or other would insist upon pouring down her cheeks, and then set to work to re-read the following words:

"DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE: Pardon my abrupt leave-taking yesterday; but I will now explain. Returning home expressly by way of the post-office, I did a small stroke of business there on my own account.

"Miss Elsie Falconbridge was out, having gone to spend the evening with the widowed, and alas! now childless mother of her once, and so lately too, sailor lover. We have, however, already spoken together—you and I—of this unlooked-for event, and also of the brave way in which Miss Elsie bears the heavy blow.

"But I would now speak of something else—so selfish are we in this world, you see. I persuaded the good dame, Janet Lisle, to assist me in something which was puzzling me not a little.

"I heard last evening, for the first time, of course—and also from your own lips, most strange to say—that a twenty-dollar note, which I had sent you in answer to your advertisement asking for aid, never reached you. It had not, I now find, miscarried in the ordinary way that letters do occasionally go astray; but it was as impossible, as you will presently see, that it should ever have reached your abode, as the residence of one of the ancient patriarchs.

"This letter containing the amount named was, it appears, although placed in a registered envelope for which I duly paid, never dispatched; and in the hurry-skurry of the moment it was never entered, either, in the official book. The fault was, of course, my own, quite as much as that of any one else, but every one was asking hurried question at the moment, and my letter—yours, rather—paid the penalty. Then, as fate would have it, it landed itself otherwise than in the legitimate post-bag, and dropped, how, is best known to itself, behind a drawer that is rarely opened.

"Forgive the details, however. Janet Lisle had only discovered the thus hidden-away missive half an hour before I appeared upon the scene—mark the coincidence—and was in a state of no little consternation.

"Picture also my own dismay.

"The mystery, however, is now solved.

"I will not again tender the amount for your acceptance, as there certainly seems to be something unfortunate attending its career—besides which, I, on my part, am going to ask a favor of yourself.

"Will you, I ask, become my wife?—and also kindly acknowledge promptly the receipt of this letter, or I shall be compelled to take it for granted that my second communication has shared the fate of my first.

"UNCLE FRED."

"Miss Josephine," like a wise woman, answered the letter just received by return of post.

* * * * * * *

The years have flown since then, and matters go on much as usual in that small township of Lammerton.

But there are changes, nevertheless.

Janet Lisle knows her place no more in the cozy little post-office. She has already gone home long since to rest, and sweet Elsie Falconbridge is now the mistress of everything.

Her hair, however, though still beautiful, is in these days white—white as the driven snow; and the abiding expression upon her still handsome face is that of one who has passed through a mighty and also terrible sea of trouble, and borne the trial only as a true heroine could.

She knows, she says, that God has ordered all, and that she shall see her sailor lover again one day in Heaven.

But there is still one person in the world whom she loves dearly, and that is the happy, true-hearted wife of "Uncle Fred."

"I owe all—every bit, in fact—of my happiness to you, sweetest Elsie," as Josephine says. "It all dates from the day—don't you remember?—when you gave me muffins and crumpets."

"And also dispatched my registered letter so carefully," remarks Uncle Fred, quaintly.

### The Speed of Meteors.

The velocity of meteorites is something wonderful. While the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 yards a second, meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000 or even 60,000 yards per second—a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of 4,000 to 6,000 degs. centigrade.—Brooklyn Eagle.

# A MODERN SAMSON.

## BREAKING STEEL CABLES AS IF THEY WERE COTTON THREADS.

**Though He Spells His Name Differently His Feats of Strength Are Almost as Wonderful as Those of the Man of Olden Times.**

When James Wilson, the expansionist, was described in these columns a few weeks ago it was believed by the medical fraternity and by all who saw Mr. Wilson in his wonderful performances that no other man on the face of the earth possessed such strength. But The Evening Sun's freak hunter has been prowling about town for a fortnight, seeking a parallel for Wilson, and yesterday found him. The new man's name is Charles H. Sampson. He is 30 years of age, of medium build and height, not a man who would be picked out as a giant in strength, but a quiet, ordinary looking person.

Mr. Wilson broke great trunk straps one at a time. Mr. Sampson breaks three of the same straps at once. Mr. Wilson broke nine steel wire cables of eight strands each, with the power of his chest. Mr. Sampson broke in the presence of the reporter 125 thicknesses of the same steel wire cable, or, in all, 1,000 strands. He went still further and broke a steel trace chain, such as are in use on truck harness, fastening it about his chest and bursting its links like so much glass. The same chain, link by link, he deliberately pulls in two with his hands. Gas pipe an inch in diameter he bends into elbows by striking the length of the pipe across his left arm. He has successfully pulled in tug of war against twelve strong men.

The reporter obtained an interview with Mr. Sampson in a private room in an uptown residence. The name of the man is at once looked upon as an assumed one, for the very reason that it fits his profession so well. Nevertheless his true name is Sampson.

Charles G. Sampson was born on the 10th of April, 1859, in Baden, Germany, and is, therefore, almost 30 years of age. He came to America only a short time since, after having traveled all over Europe exhibiting his strength.

SNAPPING THE STEEL CHAINS.

Selecting a piece of steel chain about three feet long, Mr. Sampson forced open one of the links and formed a ring of the chain, just large enough to fit over the biceps muscle of the arm. A second chain was formed in the same manner and carefully fitted. When the arm was allowed to hang loosely at the side, these chains were found to fit snugly about the biceps. Then Mr. Sampson's fingers began to twitch and close spasmodically, the muscles and tendons of his arm slowly swelled and increased in size, his forearm was carefully carried upward and as the elbow crooked the strain upon the chains became tremendous. The arm was further bent, when there was a sharp snap, a piece of each chain flew to the ceiling, and the chains dropped to the floor, broken squarely in two. There was no "fake" about it. It was a genuine feat in strength, which no other man, so far as is known, has ever accomplished. The chain is made from steel, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and formed in double links an inch and a half long. The tensile strength is estimated at about 4,000 pounds. Mr. Sampson says it does not inconvenience him in the least to break them, and he apparently does it with as much ease as if bending his arm with nothing on it at all.

Taking up a roll of the small steel wire cable previously referred to, Mr. Sampson made a belt of it, containing 125 lengths of the cable, which he wrapped around his chest. "I don't propose to break this cable by expansion," he said, "for I have but very little chest expansion. You will notice, however, that the muscles in my back and sides are wonderfully developed. By swelling them up I accomplish the same result Mr. Wilson does with his wonderful lungs." A quick twist of his body, a sudden swelling of all the muscles of his chest, back and shoulders, a strain on the cable and it parted with a metallic snap, in less than three seconds from the time he began.

A CONTEST WITH FOURTEEN MEN.

"In St. Petersburg," said Mr. Sampson, "I had a large ring made from inch iron. The ring was 8 feet in diameter. I stood in the middle of it and fourteen strong men had hold of the ring. They tried to push me or move me out of a certain limit marked on the floor, but could not. I can and will withstand the combined strength of any eight men you have in this city, not barring Sullivan, Mitchell, or any one else."

In 1878 Mr. Sampson started on a tour of the continent and was seen by many royal patrons of manly sport. He has received fifty-one decorations and medals for his prowess, of which forty-eight are from royal donors. Some of them are magnificent specimens of fine handiwork on gold.

On Aug. 10, 1878, Mr. Sampson engaged to slay a steer with his fist. The feat was performed with a single blow in the presence of Emperor Wilhelm and Emperor Francis Joseph. He wears a handsome decoration commemorating that event.

This feat of skill and strength was repeated at Ems, Germany; St. Petersburg and Paris, Mr. Sampson striking but a single blow upon each of the occasions except the last. In this case the steer was running and his aim was not true, but the first blow knocked the animal down and a second crushed its skull. During his professional experience this Hercules has suffered broken arms no less than seventeen times. He does not attribute his great strength to any freak of nature, but says it is the result of careful training and exercise. He has already been seen in public in this city, and is the wonder of all who see him.—New York Evening Sun.

### How to Efface Tattoo Marks.

Europeans who have been foolish enough, either in youth or age, to tattoo themselves like Fiji Islanders, Patagonians, or any other race of picturesque savages, may be interested to hear that Dr. Variot, of Paris, has discovered a simple but effective method of removing red or blue pictorial devices from the human skin. M. Variot has embodied the results of his experiments in an elaborate treatise on tattooing in ancient and modern times, which has been sent to the Paris Biological society. Further, the doctor has experimented on prisoners in the Central infirmary, to which he is attached, and on hospital patients, all of whom have, of course, offered themselves voluntarily for the operations.

M. Variot has also tested the efficaciousness of his method in removing black or or brown beauty spots or moles from the skin of animals, and has found it eminently successful. His modus operandi is to prick the marks or spots with needles until the blood flows, then to inject tannin, and finally to cauterize with nitrate of silver. Very little inconvenience is felt by the person operated upon, unless, of course, the marks extend over a large surface. The wounds caused by the pricking and cauterization become black for a time, then turn red, and after a month or so the parts which have been treated are almost indistinguishable from the adjoining flesh.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

### Newspaper Monthly Issues.

There is some talk—not of a very definite kind as yet—of some of the great newspaper establishments turning a part of their surplus energy and capacities in the direction of monthly issues of a literary and popular character, and as the boundary between the "blanket sheet" newspaper and the magazine is continually narrowing, the existence of this trade gossip is not a surprise.—Current Literature.

### An Important Invention.

"You women don't know when you are well off," sneered old Brown. "Here you are complaining just because you have to do the housework. Why, in ancient times wives used to be slaves."

"Yes, my dear," returned his better half, "but that was before the invention of brooms."—New York Evening Sun.

### Comparison of Pavements.

A Philadelphia engineer estimates that a horse can draw on an asphalt pavement three times as much as it can on Belgian blocks and six times as great a load as it can on cobble stones, and estimates that the wear and tear of wagons and carriages on Belgian blocks is about ten times as great as on asphalt.—Chicago Herald.

# GRANT'S CALMNESS.

**The Only Time He Ever Showed More Than Ordinary Concern.**

"I met," said Gen. Hayes, "at an army dinner some time ago Col. Bowers, a favorite aide of Grant's, and asked him during the evening, 'What was the most striking exhibition of fear, anxiety or a sense of responsibility that you ever noticed in Gen. Grant?' 'Well,' replied Bowers, 'if there was one instance above all others where he seemed to be affected by the stress of care it was during the five days' fight down in the Wilderness. On one of the days, I think the fourth, the fighting commenced early in the morning and continued all through the day. At the end of the day there had been great slaughter on both sides, and we had not carried a point; we had been repulsed on every side. There was not an absolute defeat, but we all felt that our army had been shaken, and that possibly a severe, determined return attack by Lee's army might be disastrous.

"'Just at dark that night,' Bowers continued," said Gen. Hayes, "'we were all gathered about a log fire that was built on the green sward at Grant's quarters. All Grant's staff were about the fire, and as the flickering flames lighted up their faces it could be seen that they were all oppressed with the greatness of the losses of the day and the preceding days. Nothing was said. The log crackled and sputtered in the fire. Grant stood by, looking at the bright flames, his hands behind his back, a cigar in his mouth, saying nothing. Suddenly there broke out on the night air, a mile or two off, a heavy firing. It was evidently a determined attack on our lines. The firing grew as it came nearer. We all jumped up from our places about the glowing fire and listened eagerly.

"'Grant stood and listened intently to the firing. He said to an officer after a moment or two: "Ride forward, see what it is and come back to me." The officer leaped into his saddle and galloped rapidly out into the darkness beyond the circle of light made by the camp fire. Gradually the firing died away, volleys ceased and soon naught was to be heard save here and there the sharp report of a musket. Grant straightened up, yawned and said: "I haven't slept any for some time, and I think I'll go to bed." He then tossed away the stump of his cigar and entered his tent.'

"Bowers," said Gen. Hayes, "remarked: 'Grant hasn't slept for three or four nights. He has been in the saddle every night, examining the lines and looking after the men.' Grant was in his tent. Through the fly, which was open, could be seen the yellow glimmer of a flickering candle. Grant always kept a candle burning in his tent at night when he slept. Bowers, with the rest of the officers who remained up, after a while heard the thud, thud of a horse's hoofs galloping rapidly toward headquarters, and soon the officer who had been sent out to see what the firing meant, dashed into camp and dismounted. Bowers got the news from the officer, and went in to awaken Grant, for he had gone to sleep. The news wasn't important, for the firing was simply the enemy straightening its lines, or something like that, not serious. Bowers went to Grant's tent and looked in. He supposed the general was asleep, and he didn't think the news of importance enough to awaken him. Grant was lying on his face and hands, and when Bowers looked into the tent he said: 'Well, Bowers, what's up?' Grant had evidently not gone to sleep at all, tired as he was.

"'That query of Grant's,' said Bowers, 'was the most striking exhibition of care, anxiety, sensation, call it what you will, that I ever knew Grant to exhibit.'"

Gen. Hayes had all through the story the deepest attention of his hearers, and as he approached the finale of the story they were all on the qui vive for something startling. It didn't come, and they all laughed. The point of Gen. Hayes' story was that under no circumstances, be what they might, danger or security, did Grant ever, by word or look, express the slightest fear or anxiety about anything with which he had to do.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

### The Lower St. Lawrence People.

While conversing with the people I was in the habit of taking notes, as I had done elsewhere in my travels. But here this custom appeared to excite suspicion, so that often I was received with coldness and constraint. After mass on Sunday I knocked at the open door of a benignant old man whom I had met the day before. There were other old men in a row, seated in severe and comical reserve; no one spoke at first in reply to my knock, but at last the woman of the house in a questionable way bade me come in. For half an hour I used all the persuasiveness at my command, even when helped by curiosity and inward amusement; but all my efforts to thaw them were vain; even the genial old man was now as dry as the others; only the woman, true to the superiority of her sex here in education, intelligence and perception, became a little softened, and looked upon me as one of the human kind. But my advent among them had aroused in some way the national suspicion, and conscious that even if I labored for a month I could not remove their mistrust, I withdrew and returned to my canoe.

The explanation was subsequently given me, partly by acquaintances who knew the people, and partly by knowledge of the people's history, traditions and superstitions. In early times officers of the government went about the parishes and took the names of those liable for military duty, who were afterward often called out; and even to this day the ignorant inhabitants have a great unwillingness to give their names; even the census officer is often much annoyed unless the cure tells his flock to give him information; moreover, many of them believe that any man who has their names or their portraits can command their persons through occult forces. Seeing me write often had thus given them very grave apprehensions. Then they generally believe in witchcraft, and one of the means for warding off spells is to place the thumb of each hand in the palm and close the fingers over it three times. My habit of coddling my thumbs may have been taken as a sign of uncanny relations.—C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.

### Cramps in the Leg.

Many persons of both sexes are greatly troubled with cramps in one or both their legs. It comes on suddenly and is very severe. Most people jump out of bed (it nearly always comes on either just after going to bed or while undressing) and ask some one to rub the leg. I have known it to last for hours, till in despair they would send for the family physician, and even then it would be hours before the spasm would let up.

There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor, who may be tired and in need of a good night's rest. When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped, and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull—one that will hurt a little. Instantly the cramp will let up and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night.—Dr. St. Clair in Herald of Health.

### Trustworthiness of Zulu Guides.

A whole evening's experience of paths like these might well suggest to Mrs. Ker and myself some doubts as to the good faith of the tall, muscular Zulu who strides before us, his wooly head crowned with the ring of black gum that proclaims him a married man, and his huge, bony fists clutching the knobkerry (club) and assegai (spear), without which no respectable Zulu can go anywhere or do anything. Often during the past week had I heard the colonists declare that a Zulu may be trusted with untold gold; but just as often had I heard others assert that a Zulu's honesty is a happy combination of Louis XI, Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot. Which was right?—David Ker in The Cosmopolitan.

### A Parrot's Memory.

"Do parrots ever forget what they have learned?"

"Yes, indeed. Many persons believe that if they get a good talking bird it will continue to talk well. This is a mistake. A parrot's memory has to be refreshed often. A bird that has been trained to talk, whistle and sing would, if left to itself, forget its acquired accomplishments and take up again the cries and screams of its wild state.—New York Press.

# RARE OLD COINS.

## THE REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF A CHICAGO NUMISMATIST.

**American Pieces of Great Historical Value. A Queen Anne Farthing—English Coins That Bring High Prices—Uncoined Symbols of Value.**

"Here," said Mr. George P. Avery, "are four silver dollars. The date of one is 1795. The first silver dollar of the United States government had only been issued the year before. This is dated 1796 and this 1799, and here's one dated 1801.

"If that date were 1804," said Mr. Avery, "the coin would be worth $2,000 or more. And here is a Queen Anne farthing."

There was a time when farthings of Queen Anne were among the rarest of coins. It was the general belief that in the reign of Queen Anne there were but three farthings coined, and that in the coinage of the third farthing the die broke. One of these were preserved in the king's museum as a great curiosity; the second was in the British museum; the third fell into the hands of an Irish gentleman named Millar. There are some English coins which fetch high prices. A gold penny of Henry III sold in 1850 for $650; a quarter florin of Edward III for $710; a crown piece of Henry VIII for $700. Probably the largest price ever paid for an English coin was a £5 piece presented by King Charles I on the scaffold to Bishop Juxon, bearing the motto, "Florent concordia regna." It was a "pattern piece," never published. The British museum having refused it for $400, it passed into the hands of a Mr. Cobb, at whose sale it was bought for $1,000 for Longmans, the London publishers.

"What do you think of this coin?" asks Mr. Avery.

It is an old coin, bearing in Greek characters the name of Lysimachus. If it is genuine it is about as ancient as a coin can be. There is hardly anything known to numismatists before the silver coins of Alexander I, king of Macedon, whose reign extended to the year 454 B. C.; and Lysimachus, king of Thrace, was one of the inheritors of the empire of Alexander the Great. His are almost the first coins on which the regal portrait appears. In Lord Northwick's collection a tetradrachm of Lysimachus sold for $750.

RARE OLD ROMAN PIECES.

"And here," says Mr. Avery, "are three Roman pieces; one of Julius Cæsar, one of Augustus, and one of Agrippa."

There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of Mr. Avery's specimens. Concerning other Roman coins which he has he is more than doubtful.

And from these specimens of ancient coins Mr. Avery passes to his modest collection. Every country is represented. The United States, as in honor bound, stands first. Here is a half dime of 1792. It has upon its obverse a female bust emblematic of Liberty. This is supposed to represent Martha Washington. The coin is said to have been struck from Washington's private plate. It was not generally circulated. Here is a half eagle of 1800. This is exactly similar to the half eagle of 1801, which has entirely disappeared. It was in 1801 that the Bey of Tripoli declared war against the United States. Ships of Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco captured American vessels and reduced their crews and passengers to slavery. Capt. Bainbridge was sent to the Mediterranean to protect American commerce. His purser was provided with all the half eagles of that year's coinage. They were never seen again. So, at least, runs the legend.

The dollars of 1836 and 1823 are both rare. The former has twenty-six stars in the field, the twenty-sixth being Michigan, which was then applying for admission into the Union. The latter is a "pattern" piece, and circulated mostly among members of congress. The nickel cent of 1856 sells at a high premium. "In God We Trust" first appears on a bronze two cent piece in 1866.

"And this," says Mr. Avery, "is a curious half dollar. The liberty cap is on one side, the eagle with the words 'Half dol.' upon the other. The mint offered me $10 for it. It is unique.

"That is a 'Denton Mint Drop' as they were called. This is a Franklin penny, with the motto 'A Penny Saved Is a Penny Earned.' The other is a Jackson penny marked 'Roman Firmness'; 'the Constitution as I understand it,' and 'I take the responsibility.'"

UNCOINED SYMBOLS OF VALUE.

In an adjoining bag lie various uncoined symbols of value. Here are the silver lumps, bullet shaped, called "tekal," current in Siam; and the white cowrie shells used in Africa; and the rings of gold and silver which are common currency of Nubia; and the pieces of iron, named "Hashhash," like semi-circular knives, used in Kordofan; and bits of coarse cotton, called "Fredgat," which are equivalent to sixty pieces of "hashhash"; and the beads and blocks of salt used in Abyssinia; and the fish hook money, made of pieces of silver wire, still current in China.

"Don't overlook this tenpenny bank token," says Mr. Avery. "It is Irish."

The Irish coins mostly resemble the English. Those of Henry VIII have the arms of England and the Irish harp crowned between the initials of Henry and his queens. Then comes the Ormonde money, having its weight stamped in Irish numerals. But the most remarkable Irish coins are the pieces named "gun money," struck out of cannon melted down by James II before the last struggle for his forfeited throne. There is also a crown in white metal with the king on horseback. This last is scare, but specimens of the "gun money" are common.

"Here," continues Mr. Avery, "is a specimen of the 'constitutional currency' of France. It is a sou of 1792, showing the head of Louis XVI, with the inscription 'La loi, le roi, la nation.'"

It is of bell metal, made during the Revolution from the bells of demolished churches. It jingles out of the bag with a five franc piece of "Napoleon, Empereur" and "Dieu protege la France" on the edge; and a piece of five lire marked "Napoleone imperatore e re," with "Dio protege l' Italia" on the edge. The Italian coins show the Conqueror in the flush of his conquests; the French coin brings him under the shadow of Waterloo. In the one he is serene and proud; in the other his face is full of care.

### Profitable Business for Women.

"One of the most profitable forms of business in New York," remarked an uptown real estate dealer the other day, "is that of running furnished flats. Nearly all of the principals in the business are women. Some have started in a small way, and some have deliberately started in the enterprise backed by capital. The women nearly always have some connection, either through relationship or marriage, with furniture manufacturers, and that is where they reap the greater portion of their profits. I can tell you any one of a dozen women who will hire a completely furnished flat for you within three days. Their profits are large. A flat which will rent unfurnished for $70 a month, will easily rent for $100 a month when furnished. That is a bonus of $360 a year. That will be 10 per cent. on $3,000, and as the furniture costs very much less than half of that, as a rule, they usually average more than 25 per cent. The wear and tear is to be considered, of course, but good furniture is usually bought at the outset, and it wears much more durably than the agents are willing to admit. There are many ways of making money in this big town, and this is one of the best of them."—New York Sun.

### Two Famous Wine Makers.

I know both Mme. Pomery and Mme. Cliquot. They are widows, and own the champagne that bears their respective names. They both sign all their checks, and both attend to the details of their business. Nearly 60,000 cases of Pomery are sold in the United States every year. Mme. Pomery's trade is enormous. She pays her buyer 50,000 francs a year. He goes among the peasantry and buys up all the wine necessary to restock the cellars, and he is a man absolutely above suspicion. It would not do for him to be otherwise, for upon him depends the continued good reputation of the Pomery champagne. But the largest champagne house in France is Moet & Chandon's. I do not know why it is that so little of their wine is sold in this country. It took me just one week to go through their cellars. When I was there the last time they had 10,000,000 bottles and 80,000 hogsheads of wine. You will see, then, that there is no immediate danger of exhausting the champagne supply.—Interview in Washington Post.

## Miscellaneous


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BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

For sale by ROTZEL & RAIKE, Doylestown; H. A. FLUCK, Pleasant Valley; E. F. HILLEGAS, Point Pleasant.

Dorrance Street Meat Market.

THEODORE CORNELL, - Proprietor.

Beef, Mutton, Veal AND POULTRY. ALL FIRST CLASS.

Meats delivered promptly to all parts of the town.


No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, October 4th, 1888

RESOURCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans and discounts | $410,951 67 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 40,000 00 |
| Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages | 53,501 11 |
| Due from approved reserve agents | 48,196 95 |
| Due from other National Banks | 1,921 19 |
| Real estate, furniture, and fixtures | 9,500 00 |
| Current expenses and taxes paid | 2,857 76 |
| Checks and other cash items | 3,869 91 |
| Bills of other Banks | 1,819 00 |
| Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies | 10 70 |
| Specie | 12,761 10 |
| Legal tender notes | 15,000 00 |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation) | 1,800 00 |
| TOTAL | $615,385 65 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital stock paid in | $92,220 00 |
| Surplus fund | 92,220 00 |
| Undivided profits | 17,036 37 |
| National Bank notes outstanding | 25,000 00 |
| Dividends unpaid | 672 00 |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 370,449 56 |
| Due to other National Banks | 16,006 02 |
| Due to State Banks and bankers | 1,821 70 |
| TOTAL | $615,385 65 |

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss.

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 6th day of October, 1888.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
I. A. HOBERT,
JOHN BURTON,
ELWOOD BURTON, } Directors.


LADIES!

Do your own Dyeing, at Home, with

Peerless Dyes.

They will Dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c, a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or Non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by SERRILL DOUGLASS, druggist.

AGENTS WANTED

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

The recognized leaders of the REPUBLICAN PARTY have united to prepare a Standard and AUTHORITATIVE BOOK containing the HISTORY, PRINCIPLES and POLICIES of the party, covering every prominent question at issue between the two parties, with Authentic Biographies of HARRISON and MORTON. A large volume, on heavy paper, ILLUSTRATED. Authors: Ex-Gov. John D. Long, M. C. Senators Chandler, Frye, Hoar, Hawley, Ingalls, Representatives McKinley, Burrows, Butterworth, Morrill, Dingley, Cabot Lodge, Payson, Burrows, Hon. John D. Wise, Edward McPherson, Green B. Baum, and others. No competitor. First in the field. Ready to-day. Send 50cts. for outfit. Sells at sight.

M. W. HAZEN CO.,
61 & 66 West Twenty-third-st., New York.

A. STANKOWITCH,

Tuner of Piano Fortes,

No. 1534 Vine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ORDERS LEFT AT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

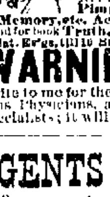
Dr. Adams, Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide and Sulphuric Ether Always on Hand.

FILLING A SPECIALTY.

Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)


DR. THEEL 538 North Fourth Street bel. Green, Philadelphia. Guarantees to cure you more quickly, safely and permanently than any advertising physician. All Special Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Pimples, Ulcers, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, etc. Acute cases 4-10 days. Rel. fat sea. Send for book Truth, exposing frauds. Hours, 9 3 & 6 9 W. 1. & Sat. Eve's, till 10 Sun. till 1. European Hospital Experience.

WARNING TO ALL SUFFERERS. Before placing yourself under anyone's treatment write to me for the exposure of quacks, unscrupulous Physicians, and those pretending to being specialists; it will be more than wealth to you.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY, Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE


NOTICE.

THE MEMBERS OF THE

Independent Mutual Fire Insurance

COMPANY,

Are hereby notified to pay EDWARD THOMAS, Treasurer, Torresdale, Philadelphia, Pa., within sixty days from date of this notice, sixteen cents on each $100 insurance by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the company.

The Treasurer will sit at the following places to receive the tax:

Mon. Oct. 15, Seibert's Hotel, Bristol, 9 to 3.
Tues. Oct. 16, Johnson's Hotel, Holmesburg, 9 to 3
Wed. Oct. 17, Tacony, 9 to 12.
Wed. Oct. 17, Heffner's Hotel, Bridesburg, 2 to 4
Thur. Oct. 18, Seven Stars Hotel, Frankford, 9 to 3
Mon. Oct. 22, Standiford store, 9 to 12.
Mon. Oct. 22, Hoope's, Bustleton, 2 to 4
Wed. Oct. 24, Upper Hotel, Fox Chase, 9 to 12.
Thur. Oct. 25, Clayton's Hotel, Branchtown, 9 to 12
Thur. Oct. 25, Felton's store, Olney, 2 to 4.
Mon. Oct. 29, 141 Ash st., Bridesburg, 9 to 3.
Wed. Oct. 31, Clayton's Huntington Valley, 9 to 12.
Wed. Oct. 31, Hogeland's, Somerton, 2 to 4.
Thur. Nov. 1, Stroud's, Holmesburg, 9 to 12
Mon. Nov. 5, Flynn's Hotel, Main above Green, Frankford, 9 to 3.
Wed. Nov. 7, Eddington store, 2 to 3.
Wed. Nov. 7, Red Lion Hotel, 3.30 to 5

If not paid on or before Nov. 16, 1888, ten per cent. will be added and policy suspended until paid.

All notices by postal cards and handbills shall be considered only as an act of courtesy and shall not establish a precedent. The company does not hold itself responsible for the safe delivery of individual notices.

By order of the Board,
THOMAS SHALLCROSS Secretary.
September 5, 1888.


Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.


## Miscellaneous


Best Made Clothing IN Philad'a. for MEN

A. C. Yates & Co.,

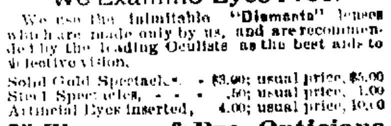
6th & Chestnut, LEDGER BUILDING.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin CURES DISEASED KIDNEYS. When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing a medicinal quality other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin is a pure Geneva (Swiss) Gin, redistilled with selected buchu leaves, fresh Italian juniper berries, gentian root, &c. It will be found an invaluable remedy and certain cure for Bright's Disease, Stone in Bladder, and all inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

JAMES E. MORRIS, Sole Agent, 165 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

SALESMEN WANTED to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Chase Brothers Company, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N.Y.


Oculists' Orders Filled.

You think Your Eyes are Good

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We Examine Eyes Free.

We use the inimitable "Diamanta" lenses which are made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles, $3.00; usual price, $5.00
Steel Spectacles, .50; usual price, 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted, 4.00; usual price, 10.00

M. Zineman & Bro., Opticians

No. 130 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WATERS PIANOS.

Uprights a specialty.

IMPROVED NEW STYLES, 7⅓ OCTAVES, 3 STRINGS, VERY RICH, FULL TONE, WITH FINE SINGING QUALITY.

PRICES, $275 to $450, AND SOLD ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $10 PER MONTH WHEN DESIRED.

ALSO, SECOND HAND PIANOS, OF DIFFERENT MAKERS, IN PERFECT ORDER. PRICES, $50 to $200, ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $5 PER MONTH. PIANOS RENTED $5 PER MONTH, AND PART RENT ALLOWED TOWARD THE PURCHASE.

OLD PIANOS TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR NEW ONES.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE.

Horace Waters & Co.,

124 Fifth Av. near 18th St., N. Y.

JACKSON'S CAFE RESTAURANT & ICE CREAM SALOONS For Ladies and Gentlemen.

19 S. Eighth St. ab. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

Fine Meals at Reasonable Prices. Ladies' Dining and Toilet Rooms, second floor. All information respecting trains, &c. No wines or liquors. GEO. W. JACKSON & SON.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine. If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive promp attention.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